

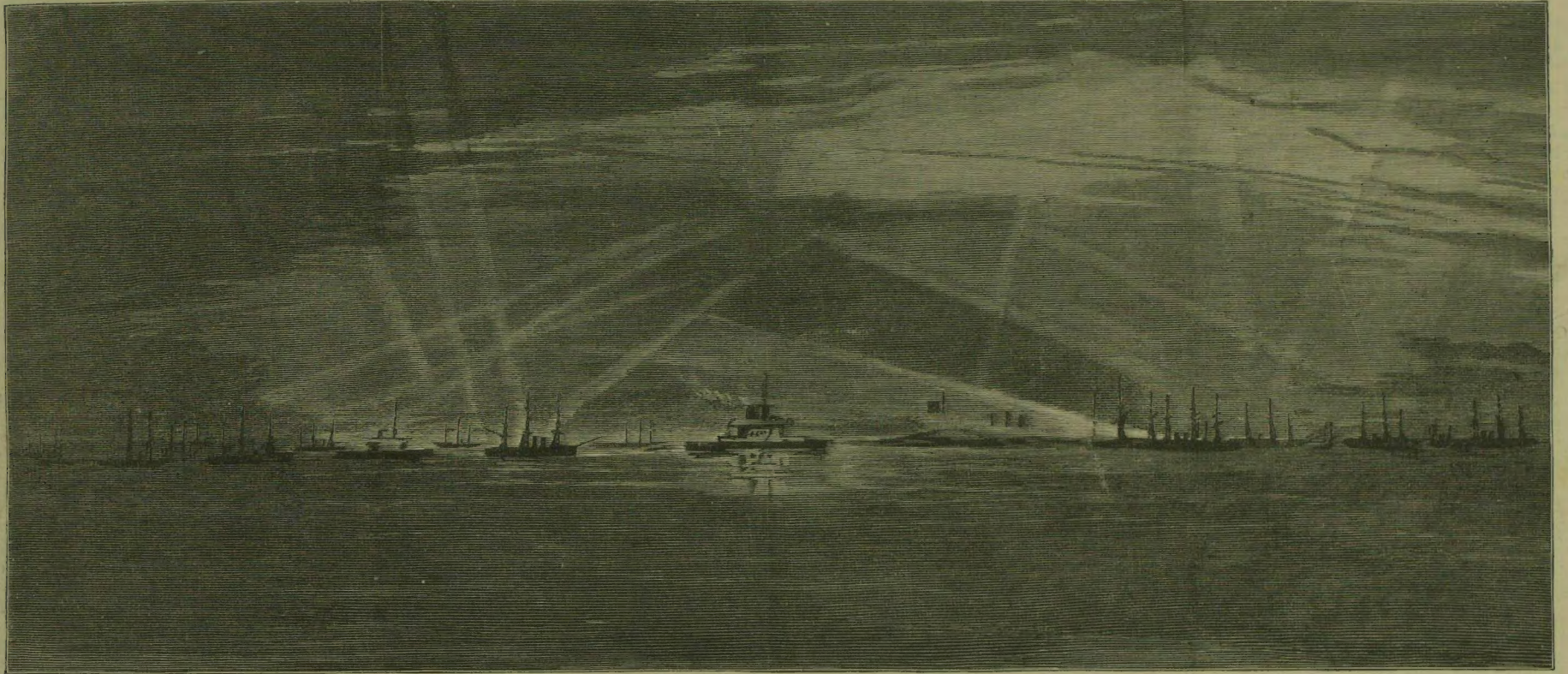
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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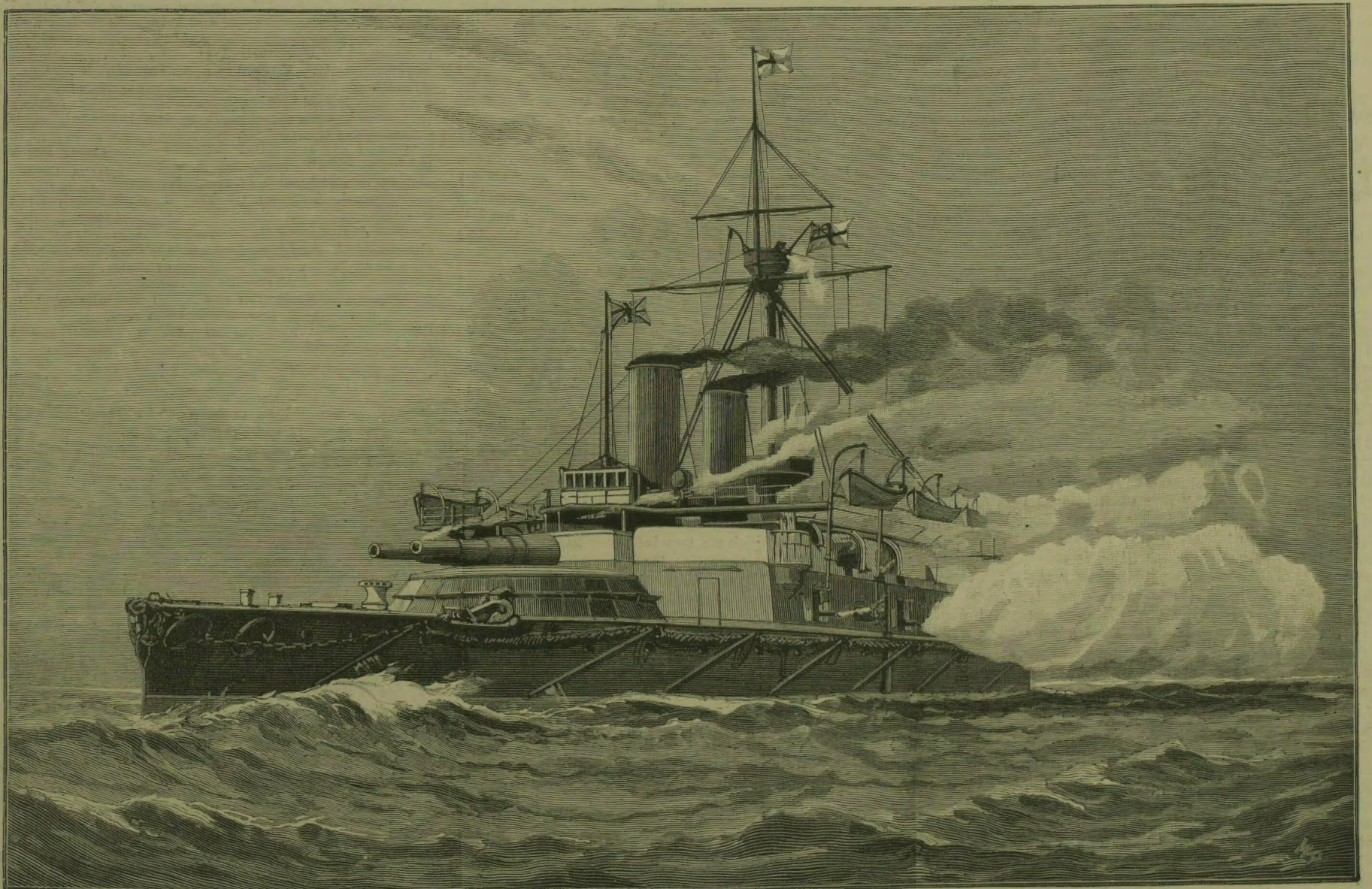
No. 2625.—VOL. XCV.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1889.

TWO (SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS) By Post, 6½d.



FLEET AT SPITHEAD EXERCISING WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS: VIEW FROM SOUTHSEA PIER.



H.M.S. ANSON AT GUN DRILL: REPELLING AN IMAGINARY ATTACK.

THE GRAND NAVAL REVIEW.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When I read in my weekly newspaper a month ago or so, under the heading "Miscellaneous," that a private in the Royal Marines had suddenly inherited half a million of money, I anticipated amusement. It was not difficult to imagine that that worthy soldier would become well thought of, and that the etiquette which separates the bombardier from the commissioned officer would be waived. If, as has lately happened, the maiden fancy of the daughter of a noble house can stoop to a policeman on a pound a week, how much more likely that that of "the daughters of the regiment" (that is, of the officers of the regiment) should settle on a soldier with £400 a week! It was only in the nature of things that needy majors should borrow money of him, and good-natured lieutenants teach him games of cards. Of all this I made a humorous picture in my mind; but, as it has turned out, far short of the fun of the reality, for the story of this (semi-) millionaire of the Marines ought, it seems, to have been told to the Horse Marines. Nobody has ever left him a penny. All those who have pressed upon him the offer of a lifelong friendship (and, what is of more consequence, a little money in advance of his expectations) have been the victims of his fervid imagination. He has left the army (as they all advised him to do), but without leaving his address. His wife, indeed, takes in washing at her usual humble residence; but they don't want *her*, they want her husband, the (semi-) millionaire who has taken *them* in. The roll-call is called in vain so far as he is concerned. His military career is closed; but his name will live in army circles as long as that of many a much more highly decorated warrior. In the long nights of winter, "when the kid turns on the spit," the story of *his* "kidding" will enliven both the canteen and the mess table.

One is compelled to maintain one's wife—though not indeed in a high state of efficiency—but there is no such responsibility as regards one's widow. A testator has just proved his independence in that respect by bequeathing his consort just nothing at all. She is his relict, but only in name. He has followed the example of "the pious founder," with a difference: his wealth has gone to "religious purposes," but on the principle of quick returns and small profits. He has no desire for the gratitude of unborn generations. Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault no pealing anthem will swell the note of praise for *his* money. He has distributed it among a lot of chapels—not to their building funds, but to the people who go to them. This is the way, he has justly concluded, to make the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in their dust immediately: there is no time lost, as in the planting of trees; it is like sowing mignonette. The Judge, compelled to ratify the arrangement, has expressed his regret that the law has so decided it. Perhaps he sympathised with the widow; perhaps he was jealous of the religious body to which the deceased belonged, and regretted that his own convictions prevented him from sharing the pecuniary advantage they derived from chapel-going. In the meantime, however, the congregations have increased, and the secret of how to ensure attendance at public worship appears to have been discovered.

It is necessary for only too many of us to "look twice at a shilling" before spending it. The act is a touching one, for it speaks of "parting," and in some cases with some probability of not coming together again. Among persons in much more flourishing circumstances it is often a question whether this or that expenditure can, without extravagance, be incurred. There is enormous wealth in the country, but, comparatively speaking, such very little ready money that it is quite a rarity to find a person—of good principles—emptying his purse upon mere pleasures without a thought of self-reproach. It is difficult, therefore, to imagine a position in which a man admittedly poor would feel himself not only justified in a disbursement of this kind, but even advantaged by it; qualified thereby, for example, to accept an appointment which would have been otherwise out of his reach. Yet such a case has recently occurred. An individual was denied admission into a metropolitan workhouse the other day because he had ninepence in his pocket. Like the Scotch jury which decided that want could not have been the cause of a gentleman's committing suicide, because twopence-halfpenny was found in his pocket, the authorities of that institution take a very moderate view of what constitutes capital. "This place belongs to Lazarus," said the porter, who had inquired, as it was his duty to do, into the applicant's circumstances. "You are Dives." "What, then, must I do to qualify myself?" "You must spend that ninepence." If the obstacle had been greater, the doing away with it would no doubt have been more gratifying; but, so far as it went, one cannot conceive pleasures purchased with less scruple, or less sense of loss. Even when "Bang went saxpence!" and two-thirds of his capital were gone, there could have been no repining on the part of the spendthrift: he was only by so much nearer to his promised goal. Threepence was still left for innocent profligacy—blameless dissipation—and then the Harbour of Rest was open to him. The incident was a perfect idyl in its way; but, like some other idyls, less satisfactory in its termination than in its commencement. After the poor fellow had been in the Harbour for some time (refitting) the authorities found half a sovereign in his small clothes. Whereupon he was accused of obtaining relief under false pretences. He said he did not know of the existence of the half-sovereign; perhaps it was hidden, as in Arthur Grise's case (in "Nicholas Nickleby"), in the lining of the second-hand garment he had purchased. He has been given the benefit of the doubt (though not of the money—te him it is no "coign of vantage"), but the doubt robs the story of its original interest. It may be that, after all, he was not the exceptional person who had the opportunity of spending all he had in the world without either loss or scruple.

My experience of "thought-readers" is not satisfactory. The science reminds me of blind-man's-buff, where the most skilful players are invariably those who can see. Magnetic attraction may be all very well, but (failing a confederate) there's nothing like a good pull at somebody's sleeve to direct his movements. An even more agreeable plan is to "will" a young person to carry out her own intelligent perceptions with your arm round her waist—but as for believing in this occult art, I leave that to those who get their living out of it. I have never seen anything come of it but complete and ignominious failure. In Budapest, however, I read, there is something like a thought-reader. He can tell all about you by merely looking at your face; and does it for a florin. The Magistrate, indeed, has decided that the exaction of that coin for telling you what you knew before is obtaining money under false pretences; but the thought-reader made his mark nevertheless in the very Court of Justice. "Can you give me any specimen of this art of yours?" inquired his Worship. "Why, certainly," returned the sage. "Then how many documents are there in this drawer?" "You know there are twenty-one, and therefore I know it." "Quite right." The Magistrate conferred with his colleagues, and was about to pass sentence. "You need not trouble yourself," said the prisoner: "you are going to send me to prison for four days." "I am," said the Judge. "Right again. Call the next case." These facts must be true, for they are described in the newspapers; but what amazes one is that a wizard of these attainments should exhibit them for a florin. One could make a thousand pounds with them any afternoon at one's club. Even now we *think* we know what many of our acquaintances have in their minds; but supposing we *did* know! A financier passes by: "You are quite right to dispose of those shares while they are at a premium, and before the public finds out they are valueless. You have not done it, I know; but you're going to do it." A little arrangement could (and would) be surely effected on the spot. A politician crosses our path. "You're going to 'rat' on Friday; don't contradict me—I know all about it. If you don't get me that little place (for my grandchild) in twenty-four hours, you will find the wind taken out of your sails." An owner of racehorses inquires what are the latest odds against the favourite. It is his own mare, and we put all the money we can collect against her, because we read his thought, and know that he means to scratch her. A florin, indeed! Why, we should only have to see Bismarck, to know whether he meant peace or war, and then "bull" or "bear" accordingly!

Upon that very objectionable malady, sea-sickness, one of our medical organs (not "the liver," but a newspaper) has at last spoken decisively. It was really time it should, for people have been wondering, ever since passenger-ships have been invented, why the boasted march of Science should not have come up with such a very simple malady, and arrested it: that and a cold are complaints which medicine has never been able to tackle. "Go to bed" has been her only recipe for the latter, followed (when it fails) by the observation, "Medicine has never claimed to be an exact science"; and for the former, "Keep on land." One of these reproaches has at length, however, been removed. "A person contemplating a voyage," we are now informed upon authority, "had better consult a doctor." This is a capital notion (though not quite new), but seems wanting in disinterestedness: it has a smack of "there is nothing like leather" about it. However, "if you won't do that"—"if you grudge the fee," says the authority, with charming frankness—"ask any old woman to make you a mustard emetic." There appears to be some professional jealousy in the form of this advice, but mere expression is a small matter. The suggestion is no doubt excellent; but is it not a little like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire? Moreover, though you make sure of your land-sickness, is it perfectly certain that you thereby get rid of your sea-sickness? And then there's the mustard, which to some people—the wretch, for example, who "grudges the doctor's fee"—may be a financial consideration. Upon the whole, one remains in doubt whether medical science is really congratulating herself upon this great discovery, or has only published it with the design of proving the worthlessness of "Advice Gratis."

As a big brother (Jones major) overshadows a little one (Jones minor) at school, so it is also with the other sex, and Carlotta Patti's fame on earth, though she sang like an angel, suffered greatly from comparison with that of her sister. In the concert-room, however, she had scarcely a rival, and it was there that she found her husband. "Love," she prettily said, "turned the pages which we two interpreted together." Her memoirs ought to be attractive, for her profession took her all over the world. It was in South America, however, that her gift of song was most appreciated. "Though she never bought a jewel," we are told, "she possessed the finest in the world." Among her possessions were some curious visiting cards received in Chili, the rarity of which redeems what would otherwise appear a lavish vulgarity in the "callers." The cards were of gold, with the names written in diamonds. I shall be surprised if this example is not followed by a certain class of millionaires in both hemispheres, as the finest opportunity for egotism and ostentation that has yet been hit upon. The lines in Madame Patti's album written by the elder Damas have a real touch of genius in them. "I love to listen to your singing, being a man and a Christian; but if I were a bird I should die of envy."

The author (or authoress) of "The Great Smoky Mountains" has given us another story of that amazing locality. It is full of humour, shows a knowledge of female character only inferior to that displayed by George Eliot in Mrs. Poyser, and has the most admirable descriptions of natural scenery. "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" is indeed by no means faultless. It is a fat book, but there is no reason why it should not be fatter; nor, indeed, why it should end at all, being

less like a story than a village diary. The dialect is wearisome to extremity. The "we uns" and "you uns"—words unknown in England out of a pauper lunatic asylum—are repeated with merciless frequency. The people that yearn to "get religion," and when they have got it are prepared to shoot anybody, not for sixpence but the mere love of shooting men—for not even the villain in the book deserves it, except for a crime which he is not accused of—seem, as psychological portraits, farcical. The language is desperately fine; a period of quiet thought is described, for instance, as "an interval in which we verily live rather than merely exercise the respiratory organs, and go about in the outer disguise that wears our name and is recognised of men;" the hero is an ignorant self-sufficient prig steeped in spiritual pride. And yet—and yet—if "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" does not exact the homage of its readers it is because they are blind to the just claims of genius.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The remains of Lazare Carnot, grandfather of the President of France, of Marceau, Latour d'Auvergne, and Baudin, were deposited in the Panthéon on Aug. 4, in the presence of the President and all the great bodies of the State. An immense crowd was present, who received M. Carnot very warmly.—The New Sorbonne was opened on the 5th with great pomp and rejoicing, in the presence of the head of the State and students of all nations, wearing their distinctive caps and robes.—M. Carnot gave in honour of the Shah a special performance at the Opéra on the 6th.—The Shah has conferred on President Carnot the highest Persian Order, and has also presented him with his portrait set in brilliants.—At the Academy of Medicine, in the grand amphitheatre, a numerous and distinguished audience gathered on the 4th for the inaugural sitting of the International Congress of Hygiene. The chair was taken by Professor Brouardel; with Dr. Chautemps, president of the Paris Municipal Council, and Sir Douglas Galton as vice-presidents.—Félix Pyat, the well-known Communist and Revolutionist, died on Aug. 3, in his seventy-ninth year.

The grand Fête des Vignerons, a Swiss national celebration which is held once a generation, opened in Vevey on Aug. 5, and continued to the 9th.

Fanny Lewald, the celebrated German novelist, died at Dresden on Aug. 5.

The Committee of Fêtes of Spa, Belgium, have issued their programme for August and September. In the Courses des Chevaux there will be prizes of the value of 280,000f., and in the Tir aux Pigeons there will be prizes amounting to 25,000f.

On Aug 5 the Congress of Anthropologists was opened at Vienna, a great many Austrian as well as foreign notabilities, including Professor Virchow, being present. Herr Von Gautsch, Minister of Education, welcomed the assembly on behalf of the Austrian Government. The Austrian Army has sustained a great loss by the death of General Baron Joseph Philippovich, who died at Prague on the 5th, of apoplexy.

The long-protracted engagement upon the Upper Nile has at length taken place. General Grenfell, with the British and Egyptian forces, attacked the Dervishes on Aug. 3, near Toski, on the Nile, and achieved a brilliant victory, virtually annihilating the enemy, who left some 1500 dead on the field, including their leader, Wad-el-Njoomi, twelve of his Emirs, and nearly all his fighting men. The Dervishes fought with great desperation. The loss of the Egyptians was not heavy.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince, Prince Danilo, and Princesses Melitza and Anastasia, arrived at the Peterhof railway station on Aug. 2. The princely party was received at the station by the Russian Imperial family. A guard of honour was in attendance. The Grand Duke Peter Nicolaievitch went to the frontier to accompany his affianced bride to Peterhof. The Duke of Edinburgh was present at the reception, and was subsequently one of the guests at the Imperial family dinner given in honour of the bride-elect and her father.—The law introducing Russian as the language to be employed for tuition in the private educational establishments of the Baltic Provinces has now been promulgated. Religious teaching is not, however, affected by the measure.

The disturbances in Crete have assumed an alarming character. A sharp engagement has taken place with the insurgents in the neighbourhood of Canea, the latter being obliged to retire. At Candia, the capital of the island, a band of Mussulmans fired upon and killed an Italian sailor. The Greek Government has addressed a Note to the Powers demanding their intervention to restore tranquillity in Crete, and has also ordered naval preparations to be made.

On June 27 a terrible fire occurred at Looschow, China. It lasted for three days, during which 87,000 dwellings were destroyed and 1200 persons were burned to death; 170,000 individuals were obliged to camp out for shelter, and dozens of these were dying from want and exposure.

Further British annexations have been made in the Union and Phoenix Groups, situated north of the Samoa Islands and near the line of the proposed Pacific cable.

Nearly 12,000 boats, including house-boats, used on the river above Teddington are registered under the Thames By-laws of 1887.

Mr. Samuel Gray Richardson, cutlery manufacturer, of the firm of Southern and Richardson, has been elected Master Cutler at Sheffield for the ensuing twelve months.

It is announced in a recent *Gazette* that the Queen has directed letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal nominating the Rev. Edward Ash Were, M.A., Chancellor of the Cathedral Church of Southwell, to be Bishop Suffragan of the See of Derby.

In the beautiful grounds of Coombe Court, Witley, Mr. A. G. Forbes's company of Pastoral Players recently gave a charming performance of Miss Elizabeth Bessie's arrangement of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," for the benefit of Miss Adela Brooke's building fund for a reading-room and coffee-house to be erected in the village of Coombe, Oxon. Contributions for this object will gladly be received by Miss Adela Brooke, Coombe House, near Woodstock, Oxon.

On the whole, the weather on Bank Holiday was not unfavourable to holiday-making, though outdoor pursuits were somewhat marred by one or two heavy showers. The open spaces in and about London were crowded. The attendance at the Crystal Palace exceeded by nearly 3000 the record of any previous August Bank Holiday. There was also an immense attendance at the Alexandra Palace. Kew Gardens were visited by 64,000 persons. There were over 20,000 visitors to the Zoological Society's Gardens; and at the Natural History Museum, the Tower of London, and Madame Tussaud's the admissions aggregated 11,000 in each instance.



## THE GRAND NAVAL REVIEW.

"The flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze" was compelled on Saturday, Aug. 3, the day appointed for the Naval Review at Spithead, to put its triumphal display of the most powerful fleet ever assembled in abeyance till Monday, owing to nasty weather. Britannia is poetically imagined to rule the waves in the open sea, but seems to have no control over the rain-clouds that hung that forenoon over the roadstead between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, incessantly pouring down continuous showers, now fast and furious, now drizzling and mingled with vapour, which hid most of the great ships with a dismal watery veil. At noon, therefore, after telegraphic consultations between the Admiral of the Port, the Lords of the Admiralty, and her Majesty the Queen at Osborne, it was determined to cancel all the orders of the day, and to postpone the review and inspection of the fleet.

On Sunday afternoon, the weather being fine, several ships were visited by the Queen's illustrious guest and grandson, the Emperor William of Germany, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, going in a steam-launch from the Royal yacht *Alberta*. The Emperor wore an English Admiral's uniform, and the Prince that of High Admiral of the British Navy. The first ship they boarded was the armed White Star cruiser *Teutonic*, whose armament of light but powerful guns attracted the Emperor's attention. After this the party went on board the flag-ship *Howe*, where Admiral Sir J. Edmund Commerell, with Captain Domville and officers, wearing their white-covered caps, frock-coats, and swords, received the illustrious visitors, the crew being at quarters and the Royal Marines drawn up as a guard of honour. They were conducted to the room where every apparatus for working the heavy guns and the revolving barbette platforms is ranged within easy reach. The Emperor showed great interest in every detail, and himself worked the mighty 67-ton breech-loaders. By a touch he raised or depressed, brought them back into position for loading, adjusted the shot carriage, brought the training action into play, set the barbette platforms working, or stopped them, with less difficulty than a child might experience in spinning a top. His Majesty went through a detailed and minute inspection of the ship. He next went on board the torpedo-boat of which Prince George had the command, and then steamed across to the *Immortalité*, one of the latest type of belted steel cruiser, whose speed has more than once reached nineteen knots within a very small fraction. There was no time for a prolonged inspection of her machinery and armament before the Royal party again went on board the launch and steamed away towards Osborne.

On Monday morning all the British ships at Spithead dressed with flags, and hoisted the German ensign by the side of the white ensign at the main. Each of the seventy-four vessels hoisted on the average about thirty-five flags and pennants, and as there was soon plenty of breeze to blow them out, and plenty of sunshine to lighten them up, the effect was magnificent. On land, Southsea Beach, the summits of the forts, and the shore between Stokes Bay Pier and Fort Monckton were crowded with many thousands of spectators.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the yachts *Enchantress*, carrying the Lords of the Admiralty, and *Fire Queen*, with the Port Admiral, Sir J. E. Commerell, made the tour of the fleet, which was anchored in three lines, in the order we described last week. At four o'clock, the Queen's yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, with his Majesty, came out of Osborne Bay, preceded by the *Trinity* yacht *Galatea*, and followed by the German Emperor's yacht *Hohenzollern*, and the Royal yacht *Osborne*.

The *Victoria* and *Albert* bore at her foretopmast the red flag, with a fouled anchor emblazoned thereon, as a sign that she had Lord George Hamilton and other Lords of the Admiralty on board, as well as the Royal and Imperial personages whose presence was betokened by the Royal Standard of Great Britain, accompanied by the Imperial standard of Germany with its rich, golden field, purple cross Imperial quarterings, and eagle. On her forward bridge, the German Emperor, in full Admiral's uniform, stood with the Prince of Wales beside him, and Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George of Wales, who wore the yellow sash of the Prussian Black Eagle. Prince Christian, with the same Order across his shoulder, and Prince Henry of Battenberg were in scarlet uniforms. Among the brilliant throng of diplomatic staff officers and aides-de-camp were the Marquis of Salisbury and Count Herbert Bismarck, Major von Bülow, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, General Lyne-doch Gardiner, special aide-de-camp in attendance, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, Chief Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; Lieut-General Hahnke, Count Hatzfeldt, Major von Kessel, Admiral Schröder, Naval Attaché of the German Embassy, and Sir Edward Malet.

The *Victoria* and *Albert*, with the Royal and Imperial party on board, passed very slowly across to the west end of the columns, and, turning to starboard, began to steam down the Channel to the north of the squadron. The flag-ship *Howe* fired the first gun of a Royal salute, which was immediately taken up by every ship in the fleet. About seventy vessels had saluting-guns, and, though no heavy guns were fired, the noise and smoke were considerable. Turning to starboard at the head of the lines, the procession of yachts passed to the southward of the columns, between them and the Isle of Wight, turned once more, and, passing between squadrons A and B, anchored at twenty minutes past five abreast of Admiral Commerell's flag-ship, the *Howe*.

In the meantime, all the Captains in the fleet collected in their steam-pinnaces on the port side of the flag-ship. As soon as the *Victoria* and *Albert* had dropped anchor, she signalled for the Captains and Flag-officers to go on board her. They were there graciously received by the Emperor William, who said many complimentary things concerning the fleet, and seemed to be much pleased with the grand display he had

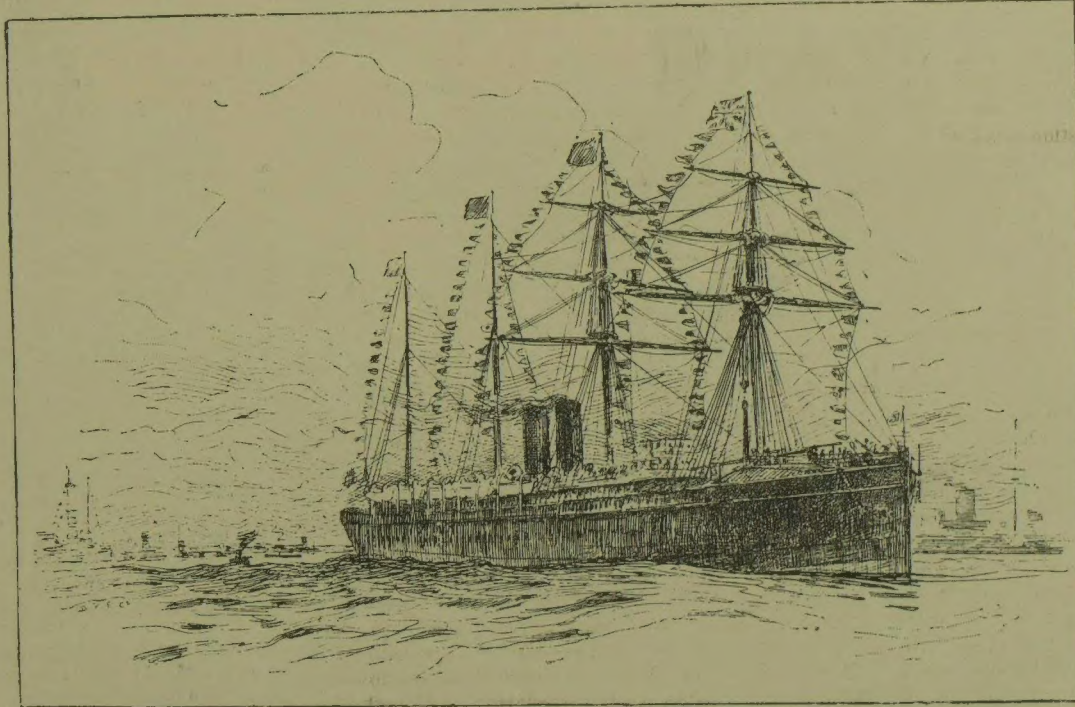
witnessed. At half-past six the yachts weighed anchor, and the Commander-in-Chief signalled for a general cheer from all the fleet. Before the roar of twenty thousand voices had died away, the guns boomed out again in Royal salute as the *Victoria* and *Albert* steamed away towards Cowes. By this time, the thousands of spectators who had lined the shore were wending their way homewards.

The members of the House of Lords and House of Commons, and the Corps Diplomatique, were to have been present as privileged spectators on board the troop-ships *Serapis*, *Tamar*, and *Euphrates*; those vessels were ready for their accommodation on Saturday, but not on Monday. The Lord Mayor and some of the Corporation of London witnessed the Naval Review on board the steamer *Magdalena*. The Seahorse was sent out with representatives of the Press. Many excursion steamers and yachts were assembled, with large companies of spectators.



ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT TRINITY PIER, EAST COWES.

The fleet assembled on this occasion comprised nine first-class battle-ships, nine second-class battle-ships, and two third-class battle-ships; nine first-class (armoured) cruisers, fourteen of the second class, and six of the third class; one sloop; nine gun-boats of the first class, one of the second class, and seven of the third class; six coast-defence monitors, one torpedo depot ship (the *Hecla*), one armed merchantman (the *Teutonic*), and thirty-eight torpedo-boats. The armament of this fleet, not reckoning any of the boat-guns, quick-firing and machine guns, consisted of the following (breech-loaders): sixteen 67-ton, eight 45-ton, twelve 22-ton, four 20-ton, six 15-ton, 226 6-in., fifty-five 5-in., and thirty-four 4-in. guns; and (muzzle-loaders) four 80-ton, eight 38-ton, four 35-ton, twelve 25-ton, twenty-four 18-ton, sixty-two 12-ton, twenty-four 9-ton, thirty-three 6½-ton, and twenty-eight 64-pounder guns, making an aggregate of 558 of all kinds. The First Division, consisting of thirty-seven pennants, including torpedo-boats, was manned by 9770 men; the Second Division, consisting of twenty-nine pennants, by 7488 men; and the Third Division, consisting of forty-six pennants, by 4121 men; making a total of 21,077 men, drawn from seagoing or other ships, the sailors under instruction, the men in the Coastguard, and in respect



THE STEAM-SHIP ORMUZ AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

of the stokers—the weakest department in our steam navy—from new entries and pensioners. All the vessels were supposed to be fully manned for service.

One of our illustrations is that of the splendid exhibition on the night of Tuesday, July 30, when all the ships of the fleet were exercising with the electric lights. This view was sketched from Southsea Pier. Another illustration shows the crew of H.M.S. *Anson*, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Irvine, which is commanded by Captain B. F. Clark, engaged in gun-drill to repel an imaginary enemy. This ship carries four 67-ton breech-loading guns, six breech-loading guns of six-inch calibre, and twenty-six quick-firing and machine guns.

The inspection of H.M.S. *Immortalité* by the German Emperor, on Sunday, is the subject of one of our illustrations. This ship, commanded by Captain R. H. Hamond, is a first-class belted cruiser, armed with two 22-ton breech-loading guns, ten six-inch guns, twenty-three quick-firing and machine guns, and two torpedo-tubes.

It has been mentioned that his Majesty also visited the mercantile armed cruiser *Teutonic*, one of the noble Liverpool mail steam-ships of the White Star line, and sister ship to the *Majestic*, engaged in carrying mails and passengers to America.

Messrs. Ismay, Imrie, and Co., the managing proprietors, upon this occasion, with more than princely magnificence, and with the greatest personal liberality, entertained as their guests on board the *Teutonic* a very large company of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, M.P., the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., and Mrs. Chamberlain, the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Sir Charles Tupper, of Canada, and many other persons distinguished in the circles of public life, politics, business, science, literature, art, and fashionable society, making a brilliant company, some of whom remained on board the vessel, when she left Spithead, and made the trip to Liverpool in the remarkably short time of twenty-four hours. The boys of the Mersey training-ship *Indefatigable*, to the number of 250, were also treated by Messrs. Ismay and Co. with a passage to Spithead and back, to enable them to see the naval review.

Every guest on board the *Teutonic* must have felt grateful for the generous hospitality with which all were treated, and for the personal kindness of Mr. Ismay in attending to their comfort and enjoyment. The ship, which was greatly admired by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and was attentively inspected by the Emperor and Prince Henry of Prussia, is one of the finest vessels of her class: built at Belfast, of Siemens-Martin steel, by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, the hull is 582 ft. in length, with a breadth of 57 ft. 6 in., and depth of 39 ft. 4 in., having a gross capacity of nearly 10,000 tons; this hull is subdivided and strengthened by bulkheads, athwart and longitudinal, giving the best security against disaster by collision. There are two independent sets of triple expansion engines, working twin propellers with blades of manganese bronze, and few merchant-steamers on the ocean have equal speed. The accommodation, for 300 saloon passengers, is elegant and luxurious; the state-rooms, chief saloon, library, smoking-room, and other apartments are most comfortable and beautifully decorated. The ship carries also 150 second-cabin passengers, and about 750 steerage. The *Teutonic*, moreover, when armed with her guns and called into the service of our Government as a cruiser, is capable of rendering efficient aid to the protection of British maritime commerce. The steam-ship *Ormuz*, belonging to the Orient Company; the *Oceana*, *Massilia*, and the *Union* Company steam-ship *Tartar* were also sent as representatives of the merchant cruisers to be armed and employed by the Admiralty in case of war.

With reference to the torpedo-boat flotilla, it is to be observed that Prince George of Wales has been appointed to the command of No. 79 torpedo-boat. This boat was built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar, about two years since. It is of an entirely distinct design from all the other torpedo-boats, and has a speed of two and a half knots in excess of any of them, combined with exceptional manoeuvring powers; for these reasons it has become the most popular boat in the Service. Moreover, so great an advance do the Admiralty authorities consider this boat, as compared with any previously existing, that the sixteen torpedo-boats which Messrs. Yarrow and Co. have now in the course of construction for the British Government are all of the 79 type.

Our attention has been directed to the fact that all the large ironclads in the fleet have their armour bolted on with the patent screw-bolts contrived by the late Sir William Palliser, M.P., the inventor of chilled steel for projectiles, of the process for converting cast-iron smooth-bore guns into rifled guns, and of other valuable improvements in ordnance and naval construction; for all of which, though saving millions to our Government, no recompense has yet been granted to his family. A deputation of members of Parliament is about to solicit the First Lord of the Treasury to do something in this case.

The officers of the German naval squadron were handsomely entertained, on Saturday evening, by the Port Admiral and British naval officers, with a dinner at the Victoria Hall, Portsmouth. The officers of the Royal Marines also gave a ball in honour of the German officers. The fine band of the Royal Marines performed on these occasions, and at the dinner given by her Majesty at Osborne.

A review before the Emperor William was held at Aldershot on Aug. 6. The force assembled consisted of nine regiments of cavalry, four batteries of Horse Artillery, twelve batteries of Field Artillery, eighteen battalions of Regular infantry, a detachment of the Hon. Artillery Company, eleven battalions of Volunteers, besides Engineers and departmental troops. They were divided into two forces—a southern force (invaders) and a northern force (defenders).

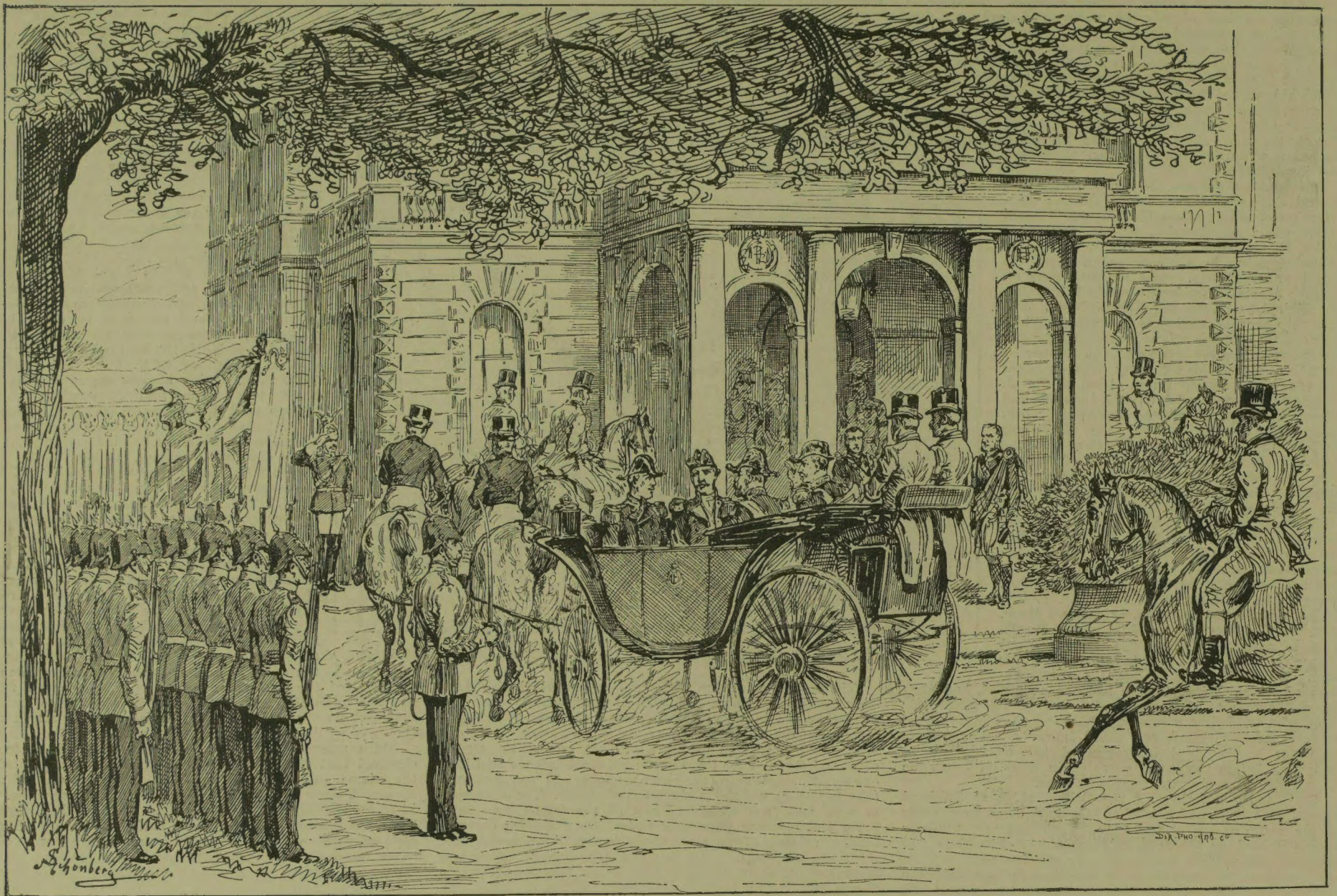
The Archbishop of York is leaving home for an absence of some weeks.

Until his return, matters of urgent business should be addressed either to the Bishop of Beverley or to one of the Archdeacons.

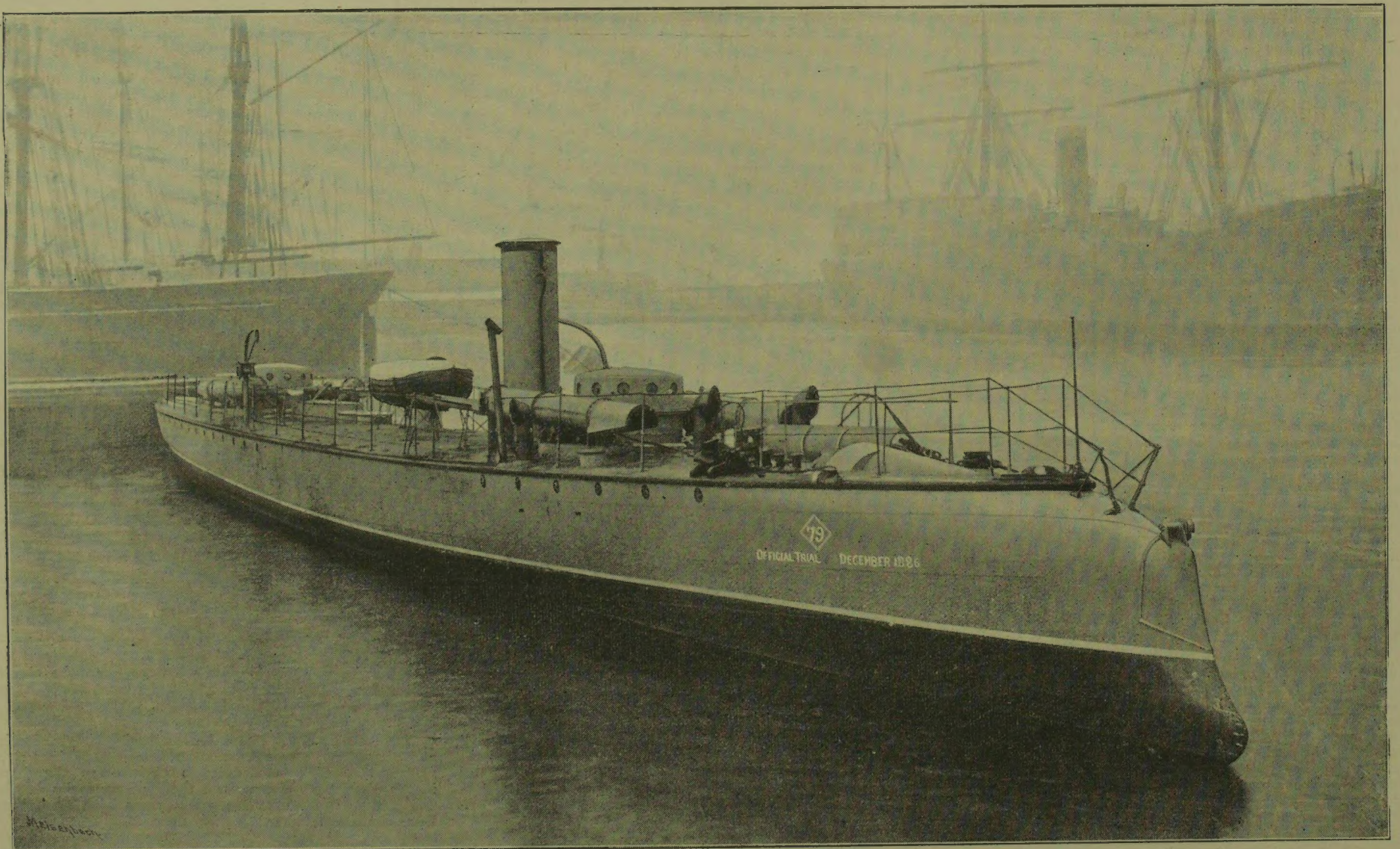
A handsome stained-glass window (from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square) has been placed in St. Peter's Church, Middlesbrough, to the memory of the late Vicar, the Rev. E. H. Rowland.

The meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of Scotland, at Melrose, wound up with an interesting episode—namely, the presentation of some handsome plate, from the farmers in the district of Melrose and the Borders, to Lords Lionel and Arthur Cecil, who for many years have farmed on a large scale at Orchard Mains, near Melrose. They have lately come to the end of their lease and given up their farm, and have migrated to Kent, where they have taken two large farms not far from the property owned by Lord Derby. The fact that Lady Derby is their mother was the reason for their choosing Kent as their new abode, and they will no doubt be as enterprising and successful as they were across the Border. They have been the most practical of farmers, doing everything themselves, so as to acquire a personal knowledge of farming.





ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT OSBORNE HOUSE.



TORPEDO BOAT NO. 79, WITH THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD.



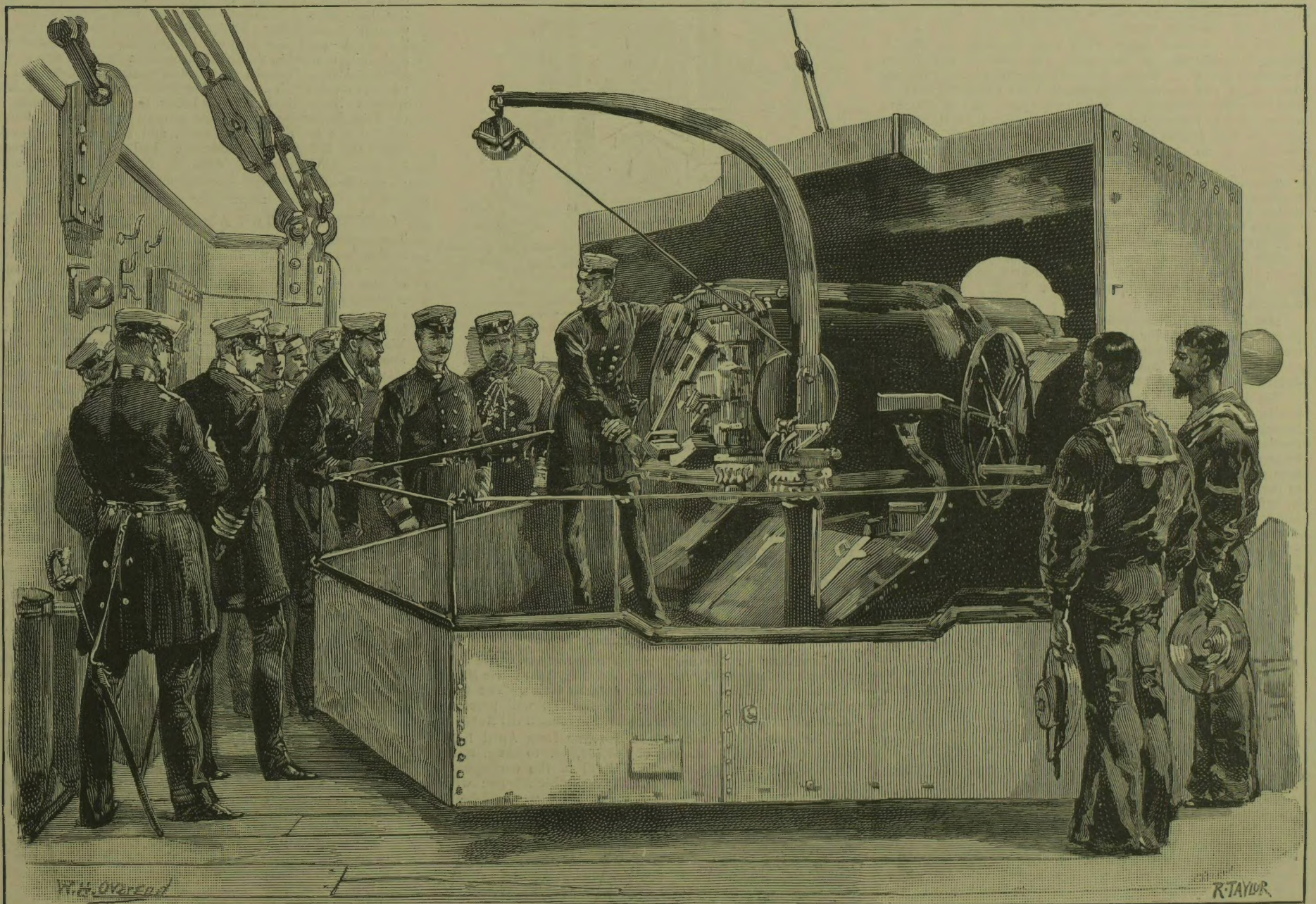


GERMAN FLAGSHIP BADEN.

GERMAN IMPERIAL YACHT HOHENZOLLERN.

H.M.S. NORTHUMBERLAND.

ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT SPITHEAD: PASSING THROUGH THE LINES OF THE BRITISH FLEET.



INSPECTION OF THE GUNS OF H.M.S. IMMORTALITÉ BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE GRAND NAVAL REVIEW.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Criterion Theatre has again been the centre of interest. The necessarily brief run of Mr. Burnand's exceedingly ingenious and whimsical comedy "The Headless Man," in which Mr. Charles Wyndham distinguished himself as forgetful Sam Hedley, has been followed by the farewell appearance of this favourite light comedian with Miss Mary Moore in "Wild Oats," prior to their departure for America. The Criterion Management is wise to revive Mr. Burnand's most amusing farcical comedy of "Betsy," for there is no play better calculated to reconcile one to detention in town when "everybody" is rushing off to loch, moor, seaside, or the Paris Exhibition than the comical piece in which the piquancy of Miss Lottie Venne as Betsy, and the rich drollery of Mr. William Blakeley and Mr. Alfred Maltby, set the house laughing consumedly.

A notable piece of information concerning the history of "The Headless Man" is given by Mr. Burnand in *Punch*. It is to the effect that "The character of Hedley was first drawn by the present writer [Mr. Burnand] in *Mr. Punch's* pages in a series entitled 'Odd Men Out,' and but for the *charpente* of a plot provided by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, in which, subsequently, essential structural alterations had to be made, it is probable that Mr. Hedley would never have seen the footlights and reached the Criterion stage of his existence."

Mr. Willard will open the autumn dramatic ball in London. "Jim the Penman" promises to produce Mr. H. A. Jones's new play, "The Middleman," at the Shaftesbury in August. Mr. Willard is to sustain the chief part in "The Middleman."

In Piccadilly, the Egyptian Hall maintains its right to the title of "England's Home of Mystery." The most astonishing tricks are here performed with an ease and a dexterity that are unsurpassed. In a word, Mr. J. N. Maskelyne has cultivated prestidigitation to a fine art. His attractive entertainment, moreover, is judiciously diversified. When this adroit master of legerdemain has himself excited wonder and applause by setting a whole table of plates waltzing by skilful manipulation, he makes way for Psycho's successor. This mystic personage, to whom the name of Cagliostro is given, has his hiding-place in a fragile cabinet, and is exploited by Mr. Nevill Maskelyne with a view to prove that illusions and manifestations even more marvellous than those produced by "Spiritualists" can be conjured up in "England's Home of Mystery." The card tricks of Cagliostro are particularly clever. Mr. Robert Ganthony's genuine humour as a French juggler, as a musical German, and as a lecturer on an improvised phonograph occasioned much mirth. The "thought-reading" demonstrations of Miss Lillian Morritt, who is aided by Mr. Charles Morritt, worthily close Mr. Maskelyne's new entertainment at the Egyptian Hall.

## ART MAGAZINES.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes contributes to the current *Magazine of Art* some observations on the printing of etchings—valuable hints from such a master in the art. Mr. T. G. Jackson, F.S.A., describes the new buildings for Brasenose College, Oxford, now in course of construction, of which he is the architect, and which will be an important addition to the many fine buildings fronting the High-street. Mr. Joseph Grego writes a long notice of that most interesting exhibition now open in Piccadilly of the work of English Humourists in Art; and Mr. Charles De Kay contributes a paper on the late George Fuller, the American painter.

The *Art Journal* opens with some account, by Mr. J. Penderel-Brothurst, of the new Associate of the Royal Academy, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, whose powerful pictures of sea, river, ships, and water-life generally have deservedly earned him his recent distinction. Some of his pictures and sketches are excellently reproduced. Mr. C. Lewis Hind continues his paper on East Anglia from last month, and Mr. W. R. Lethaby contributes an interesting paper on Northamptonshire churches.

The *Scottish Art Review* contains an article by Mr. Morley Roberts on that colony of artists to be found at Chelsea, and which is known among painters to consist of exponents of the "square brush school" (among whom are Messrs. La-Thangue, J. J. Shannon, W. Llewellyn, Stirling Lee, and Nelson Dawson); a paper on the Norwegian poet Jonas Lie, by Walter Runeberg; another by R. M. Adamson, entitled "Browning in Art"; and several other short articles on literary and artistic subjects.

*Art and Literature*, besides a fine reproduction from a photograph of Professor Herkomer, A.R.A., with a monograph, contains a paper on American art, one on Auber the composer, and a continuation from last month's issue of an article by James C. Dibdin on the sea-songs of Britain.

We have received from Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington a number of *Artistic Japan*, a most beautiful and attractive art periodical, introducing to its readers a side of Japanese art industries hitherto little realised by any but collectors and connoisseurs. It is a revelation to eyes almost blinded by the inferior workmanship and design of the Japanese wares seen in every shop-window, made either by inferior workmen for the European market or by English imitators.

From Messrs. Hatchard we have received the second number of a publication entitled *Dignitaries of the Church*, each part containing the portraits of three well-known Churchmen. The portraits are photographs by Samuel A. Walker, of Regent-street, and this month are excellent likenesses of the Bishops of Winchester and Lichfield and Canon Mason.

A similar publication is *Our Celebrities*, containing photographs by Walery of men and women well known in art, politics, society, &c. In the number before us are portraits of H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, his Eminence Cardinal Manning, and Sir Sidney Waterlow, Bart.

Mr. Max Drexel, the Philadelphian millionaire, writing to an American paper, relates the following incident in connection with the subscription raised in Philadelphia on behalf of the Johnstown disaster: "I had just written out a cheque for the fund, and was conveying it myself to the office. At the door of the building a large box had been placed, into which the passers-by were invited to drop their contributions. I stood for a while watching the crowd; nearly everyone that passed put in something, the amounts varying from a cent to a dollar. A poor man came shuffling along the street with worn-out shoes and a ragged coat; he too paused and watched the money flowing into the box; then, moving to the corner of the street, he stood and thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. From one he produced a piece of dry crust and a button: he then felt carefully in the other, and drew from it a ten-cent piece, evidently his last piece of money. He looked at it thoughtfully, turned it over in his hand, and then went up to the box, thrust it in, and walked quickly away. I entered the office overcome with shame and admiration. Of what value was my cheque in comparison to that man's offering?"

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

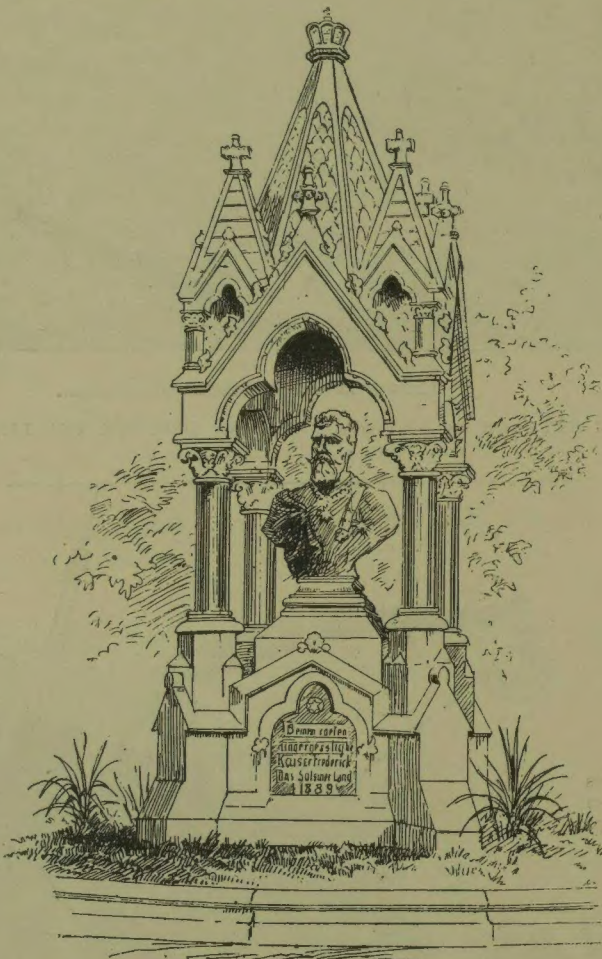
The marriage of the Hon. John Edward Cross, second son of Viscount Cross, with Katherine Ellen, second daughter of the Rev. F. Haden Cope, Vicar of North Malvern, took place on July 31 in Holy Trinity Church, North Malvern. Mr. Henry Ashworth-Ashworth acted as best man; and the bridesmaids were: Miss Mabel Haden Cope, sister of the bride; the Hon. Georgiana H., the Hon. Mary D., and the Hon. Margaret Cross, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Davies; and Miss Nora Hawkins. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a bodice and train of white brocade, with petticoat of white crêpe, and a tulle veil. The bridesmaids' costumes were composed of white royal silk with white watered-silk sashes; the skirts were quite plain, and the bodices were finished with white crêpe fichus; their hats were ornamented with white ostrich tips.

The marriage of Mr. Eustace Fitzgerald, son of Baron Fitzgerald, one of the Lords of Appeal, with Miss Maude Barrington, eldest daughter of the Hon. Walter Bulkeley Barrington and Mrs. Barrington, of Brackley Hill, Northamptonshire, and Wexbury Manor, Bucks, took place on Aug. 6 at Buckland, Berks. The Rev. H. Russell, of Buckland, officiated. The Hon. Walter B. Barrington gave the bride away. Mr. Sidney Streatfield acted as best man. There were six bridesmaids.

The Rev. Murdoch Charles Kirby, of Fort William, Canada, fourth son of the Rev. Henry T. Murdoch Kirby, Vicar of Mayfield, Sussex, and Gertrude Frances, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Bligh, Vicar of Hampton-Hill, Middlesex, were married at St. James's Church, Hampton-Hill, on the 6th. Mr. Frank Sprott was the best man; and the bridesmaids were Miss Eva Bligh, Lady Alice Bligh, Lady Mary Bligh, Miss Caroline Cush, Miss Constance Kirby, and Miss Rita Kirby. The bride was given away by the Earl of Darnley, her uncle.

## THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

Prince Solms has erected, in the park of his noble castle, Schloss Braunsfels, in the valley of the Lahn, which we



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK BY PRINCE SOLMS.

described a twelvemonth ago, a beautiful memorial of the lamented Emperor Frederick of Germany, who visited the place a year before his death. The monument consists of an ornamental baldachino of white stone, surmounted by a crown, in the Gothic style. It was sketched by his Highness from the model of the tombs of the Scaligers at Verona, and was executed by Herren Schorbach and Seiler. This is supported by four columns of Swedish syenite. Underneath stands a fine bust in bronze, larger than life, executed by Professor Begas of Berlin. The costume of the statue is the uniform of the Cuirassiers, which was the dress worn when his Majesty, then Crown Prince, rode at the head of the procession at the Queen's Jubilee at Westminster. The ceremony of uncovering this monument, on July 14, was performed by Prince Solms, in the presence of a numerous assembly of patriotic Germans, and of many guests entertained by his Highness at the castle.

According to the most recent arrangements, the Queen resides at Osborne till Thursday, Aug. 22, when her Majesty will leave the Isle of Wight on a visit to Wales. The Queen, after a few days' stay in the Principality, will proceed to Balmoral, where the Court is expected to remain till November.

The receipts on account of Revenue from April 1, 1888, when there was a balance of £5,592,002, to Aug. 3, 1889, were £27,120,811, against £27,353,510 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £7,647,072. The net expenditure was £31,091,115, against £31,811,100 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on Aug. 3, 1889, amounted to £1,500,018, and at the same date in 1888 to £1,175,429.

In London, the forty-fifth birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh was celebrated with the customary honours; the bells of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and St. Margaret's, Westminster, were rung, and the Union Jack was hoisted at the Admiralty. At Windsor, St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church gave forth joyous peals, and a Royal salute was fired in the Long Walk. The Duke was born on Aug. 6, 1844, and married the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia on Jan. 23, 1874. At Inveraray, the forty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of the Marquis of Lorne was celebrated by a dinner, which was given at the Castle Pavilion. The health of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne was drunk with Highland honours.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prime Minister has doubtless enjoyed his little holiday as her Majesty's guest at the Isle of Wight. There is a genial and humorous side to Lord Salisbury's character, which probably made the Premier an agreeable companion for the Emperor William, who has apparently been delighted with the grand naval display organised in his honour.

Detained in the Solent by the postponed Naval Review, the Marquis of Salisbury had a suave and capable deputy leader to represent him in the House of Lords, on the Fifth of August, in the person of Lord Cranbrook, in laughing converse with whom the Premier generally relieves the tedium of legislative work. There seems lately to have been some excitement caused in dramatic circles by a certain oburgated "Man in a White Hat." Removing a similar article of head-gear, the Earl of Carnarvon in a manner resolved himself into a "Man in a White Hat," in so far that the noble Earl had up his sleeve a presumably candid criticism of the Government's recent action on the Egyptian frontier. In the absence of Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon withheld the critical portion of his interpellation. His Lordship seized the opportunity, however, to laud the bravery of the British and Egyptian troops, and to deplore the loss of life among the "fanatical and courageous sons of the desert." Lord Cranbrook followed suit, and in the Gathorne Hardy style of old offered praise, amid sympathetic cheers, to Sir Francis Grenfell and his gallant officers and men, not forgetting the Egyptian troops—a tribute in which Earl Granville gracefully joined.

There ensued in the House of Lords a lively debate in Committee on the Protection of Children Bill, in which Mr. Mundella and Mr. Henry Fowler took such interest that they sat on the steps of the throne while the fate of the Earl of Dunraven's sensible amendment was being decided. The Lord Chancellor's rational suggestion that well-conducted theatres should be licensed to employ children under certain conditions was acted upon by Lord Dunraven, who ably answered the objections made, and succeeded in amending the Bill in this respect. As slightly altered, at the instance of Lord Halsbury and Lord Herschell, Lord Dunraven's amendment ordains, in brief, that "a stipendiary magistrate or petty sessional court" shall be empowered at discretion to permit children over seven years of age to take part in entertainments at licensed places of public amusement. This well-weighed measure, which was passed through Committee, is now entitled "Prevention of Cruelty and Protection of Children Bill."

The House of Lords sat till close upon eleven o'clock on the Sixth of August—and to some purpose. Their Lordships read the Intermediate Education Bill for Wales a second time; passed the Ministerial trump-card, the Scottish Local Government Bill, through Committee; and, on the motion of Lord Salisbury, seconded blandly by Earl Granville, read a second time the Prince of Wales's Children Bill. No stimulant for rapid legislation equal to nearness to the Twelfth of August!

The Commons—all that are left of them—rejoice in a beggarly array of empty benches. With the advent of August, pairing is the order of the day. Mr. Gladstone has flitted to Hawarden to spend his Golden Honeymoon. Many other distinguished members of the Lower House are conspicuous by their absence. The sitting of the Fifth of August may be characterised as linked dulness long drawn out. Sir W. Hart-Dyke had his innings with the Education Estimates, the total sum required for the ensuing year being £3,684,339, an increase of £83,144. To the best of his ability, he justified this expenditure; and he started an arid discussion, which must have increased Mr. Leonard Courtney's desire to anticipate the fast-approaching holidays. The following evening, matters were a little lively, there being an animated debate on the Irish Estimates, in the course of which Mr. T. W. Russell excited the ire of Mr. MacNeill, and Mr. Balfour provoked Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. Mr. Courtney had to lift his resonant voice to maintain order. With the final splutterings of the Irish candle, the Session is near its end.

## CONGRESS OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

The summer congress of the institute was opened on Aug. 6, in fine but showery weather, at Norwich, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. At noon the Mayor and Corporation of the city, and the president of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Union, jointly received the members of the congress at the inaugural meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, which is larger and better suited for speaking than the Guildhall. Welcoming them with a brief address, to which he added a short notice of the most interesting objects to be seen in the city and county, the Duke of Norfolk next made a short speech, in the course of which he said that, though not learned enough to deliver a regular presidential address, he could say from personal knowledge that in the course of the next few days the members of the congress would see not only historic castles, camps, and mansions, but also the remains of many ecclesiastical structures, a study of which would throw a flood of light on the monastic life of the Middle Ages and help to overthrow many antiquated prejudices. An adjournment having been made for luncheon, at two o'clock Mr. J. Willis Clark, the president of the architectural section, opened that section of the congress in the nave of the cathedral with a brief history of the fabric, based largely on the publications of Professor Willis and on the plans drawn up by him forty years ago. The members of the congress then proceeded, under Mr. Clark's guidance, to inspect the cathedral, the cloisters, the refectory, the Bishop's palace, &c.; and subsequently Dr. Bensley took them over St. Giles's Hospital. In the evening, the Rev. C. R. Manning, Rector of Diss, opened the antiquarian section at the rooms placed at the disposal of the institute, Mr. G. E. Fox, F.S.A., reading a paper on Roman Norfolk.

*Behind the Bungalow.* By Eha, Author of "The Tribes on my Frontier" (W. Thacker and Co.).—The strange experiences of Anglo-Indian household life, with the multiplicity and diversity of native servants, and the peculiarity of their respective ways, habits, and manners, afford a rich store of materials for the literary and pictorial humourist. Their combined efforts, with pen and pencil, to illustrate the comic aspects of that cumbrous retinue, the khitmutgar, butler, cook, ayah, "boy," or valet, the chupprasee, the ghorawallah, or syce, the laundry-man, or dhobie, the bheestee, hamal, mussaul, and sundry other indispensable attendants in the domestic establishment of a moderate "Saheb," have produced this entertaining little book. The writer seems to be a member of the Covenanted Indian Civil Service, and to be happy in the company of a wife and two or three young children; he is a resident in the Bombay Presidency, and in some district where he comes in contact with the Indo-Portuguese element from Goa, as well as with the Mahratta and other races of Western India. Every variety of native character, the individual as well as the nation, caste, trade, or class, is cleverly portrayed in these diverting sketches.



THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

The approaching completion of the most important parts of the great works from Manchester to the estuary of the Mersey, and the successful performance, so far, of engineering designs which underwent a prolonged controversy and repeated Parliamentary inquiry till three or four years ago, and which the contractor, Mr. T. A. Walker, is carrying into execution by the employment of a vast amount of labour, with the aid of an extraordinary apparatus of machines, must be regarded as a matter of much public interest. Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, whose illustrations of this project, and of the localities through which the Ship Canal was to pass, appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of Feb. 3, 1883, and further on July 17, 1886, has recently again visited the banks of the Irwell and the Mersey, for the purpose of making sketches of the actual progress of these works. It will not be needful, upon this occasion, to revert to the history of the undertaking, the arguments of commercial interest and local convenience in its favour, the relations between the port of Liverpool, with its magnificent docks, and the manufacturing district of which Manchester is the centre, or the traffic accommodation furnished by the several railway lines; all which considerations were fully discussed before Parliament gave its sanction to the scheme of the Ship Canal. Its engineering and constructive features, with the methods and operations by which they are being effectually realised, may here again be described sufficiently to explain our Artist's present Sketches to the general reader.

The length of the Manchester Ship Canal is thirty-five miles; its depth is 26 ft.; and the minimum width at its bottom is 120 ft. This is 48 ft. wider than the bottom of the Suez Canal, while the depth is equal; so that the largest cargo steamers can pass each other in the Manchester Ship Canal. At several points, near the locks and near the docks, this canal is wide enough for such ships to turn. For a length of three miles and a half, approaching Manchester, the width at the bottom is 170 ft., so that ships can lie outside the docks along the wharves on the Salford side. There will also be open side basins, if required, or widenings at shipbuilding yards, or where cargoes are discharged or loaded, for manufacturing establishments or storehouses adjoining the Canal.

Five sets of locks—at Eastham, on the Mersey sea estuary; at Latchford, on the Mersey above Warrington; at Irlam, above the junction of the river Irwell with the Mersey; at Barton, on the Irwell; and at Manchester—raise the level of the Canal, on the whole, 60 ft. above the sea. Of its entire length, twenty-three miles, inland from Runcorn to Manchester, will have been formed by cutting a straight and deep channel for the rivers Mersey and Irwell. The lower section, from Eastham to Runcorn, forms a curved line of twelve miles along the Cheshire shore of the broad inner expanse of the Mersey estuary; but at Weston Point, meeting the estuary of the navigable river Weaver, which is connected with an extensive system of canals, it will obtain valuable local traffic, especially the shipment of salt. A large trade with Cheshire and the Staffordshire Potteries, by the Bridgewater Canal, will also reach the Ship Canal at Runcorn, as well as that of the chemical manufactures at Widnes. The Shropshire Union canals will feed the traffic at Ellesmere Port, near Eastham.

The Manchester Docks, formed on both banks of the Irwell, chiefly in Salford, but also in Manchester on the site of Pomona Gardens, Cornbrook, and extending to Throstle Nest and the Albert Bridge, near the Old Trafford Road, will afford ample accommodation to the trade of that city. They occupy a space of two hundred acres. The water area of the dock basins is sixty-two acres and a half, and the quay frontages are three miles and a half in aggregate length, to which may be added a mile of open wharves along the wide part of the Canal just below; and there will be two miles and a half of the Canal bank, lower down, available for discharging cargoes into barges and lighters, and putting them ashore. Fifty hydraulic cranes, some of great power, will be provided at the Manchester and Salford Docks.

The docks at Warrington, twenty-two acres and a half in extent, are not yet constructed: they will have a railroad connection with the London and North-Western and the Great Western Railway, which will bring a large coal and general traffic.

At Runcorn, at the head of the Mersey estuary, the docks belonging to the Bridgewater Canal Navigation, having been purchased by the Manchester Ship Canal, will always be accessible, instead of being entered only at spring tides as hitherto; the local trade advantages here, as well as those of the docks at Weston Point, for the Weaver Navigation, have already been noticed.

The Ship Canal will be entered from the sea, or rather from the Mersey estuary, about four miles above Birkenhead, by the tidal locks at Eastham, all the gates of which will be open at high tides. The sills of these entrances will be 11 ft. lower than the deepest dock sills at Liverpool or Birkenhead; and the channel approaching them will be dredged 3 ft. deeper than the lock sills.

Such will be the Manchester Ship Canal, omitting for the present a detailed description of the docks at Manchester and Salford. The engineer, Mr. Leader Williams, C.E., and Mr. J. A. Walker, the contractor, have been wonderfully successful in their operations; and there is no doubt of the work being finished before the end of the year 1891, having been commenced in November, 1887. The contract was taken by Mr. Walker for £5,750,000, but we may expect this sum to be considerably exceeded by the total cost of the Ship Canal; for the purchase of the Bridgewater Canal property has cost £1,750,000. One of the great causes of expense has been the erection or reconstruction of railway bridges crossing the canal, each at a high elevation, to give a clear headway of 75 ft. above the water, and with the approach lines of railway to rise by moderate gradients on each side. The Cheshire Lines Railway at Irlam, the Wigan Junction line, the Warrington and Stockport line, the Grand Junction line at Warrington, and the London and North-Western Railway at Runcorn, must be treated with such costly alterations. The Barton aqueduct of the Bridgewater Canal across the Mersey is replaced by an opening swing-bridge, which is an iron trough, to be closed at each end when the bridge is to be opened, and to contain the water of the Bridgewater Canal, held thus safely above the level of the Ship Canal. There will be hydraulic lifts by which laden barges can easily be transferred from the one canal to the other. The locks on the Ship Canal are not single, but each set of locks has receptacles of different sizes for vessels of different classes, to avoid the waste of water in using a lock much larger than the size of the vessel requires. The Canal level descends 13 ft. at the Trafford locks, near Manchester, 14 ft. at the Barton locks, 14 ft. at the Irlam locks, again at Latchford, 16 ft. more, and finally at Eastham, to the level of the sea. The largest lock at Eastham is 600 ft. long and 80 ft. wide.

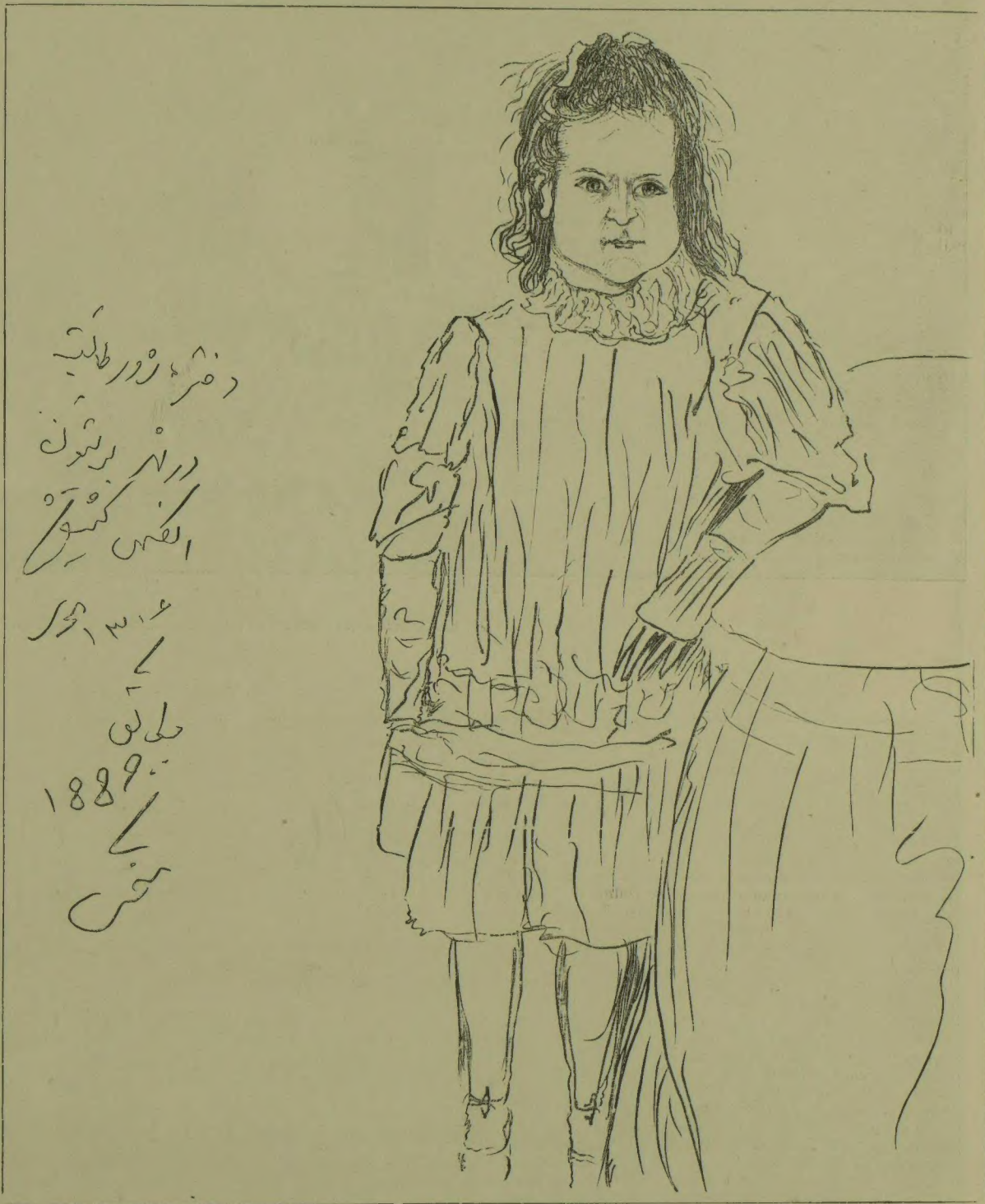
The line of the Canal is cut through flat country, marsh-meadows chiefly, pretty straight beyond the junction of the Irwell and Mersey, avoiding the many windings of those rivers, which are generally turned into a new artificial channel, somewhat to the south of the old left bank of each river. In a few places only, on the Mersey, where the ground is higher,

the cuttings are 50 ft. deep, and partly through sandstone, which has been utilised for the construction of walls, and here the sides of the Canal, being of rock, are made more perpendicular than in the softer ground. The whole quantity of earth and stone to be excavated has been computed at forty-eight millions of cubic yards, which is more than the quantity of excavation required for the Panama Ship Canal, including the Culebras hill-cutting; but the undertaking of M. De Lesseps has other difficulties to contend with, in the dam of the river Chagres. Mr. Walker, the contractor for the Manchester Ship Canal, has set to work as large a number of men, not negroes but English "navvies," with more numerous and powerful machines, and with about one-tenth the expenditure of money, and he will certainly finish his job within the appointed time. It is stated that nearly 15,000 hands are employed, with eighty steam excavators of four different kinds, pumping-engines, steam cranes, and 150 locomotives, for which 200 miles of railway have been laid down, to remove the earth that is dug out. A scene of wonderful activity, with admirable organisation and management, and with good provision for the welfare of the industrial army, is now to be witnessed everywhere between Manchester and Eastham.

Our Artist's Illustrations will be regarded with interest. The first now given is a View of the Canal at Latchford, looking east. This place is near to Warrington, and about halfway from each end of the Canal. There are to be

THE SHAH AT BRIGHTON.

A pleasing incident of the late visit of his Majesty the Shah of Persia to Brighton, where he was the guest of Sir Albert Sassoon, a day or two before he left England, has been communicated to us, with the portrait of a charming little lady, sketched by his own Royal hand. Our readers have already seen the facsimile—indeed, the original was to be seen in the windows of *The Illustrated London News* office—of a sketch-portrait drawn by the Persian monarch on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, when he was crossing the sea to Gravesend. Nasr-ed-din has some natural talent for drawings of this kind, and on several occasions has shown an interest in the work of our Special Artists, both Mr. W. Simpson at Teheran some years ago, and Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, who attended his recent tour in England. He made sketches, more than once, while visiting the houses where he was entertained in Scotland; and, being a great admirer of the beauty of children, he was delighted with a little girl, four years of age, who had the honour of being presented to his Majesty at Brighton. This lovely child, Miss Louise Victoria Gisela Talbot, is the daughter of Major Gerald F. Talbot, of Faulkbourne Hall, Witham, Essex, who was in attendance on the Shah during his sojourn in England. Miss Louise, who was born on March 6, 1885, is a godchild and namesake of her Royal Highness Princess Louise,



SKETCH OF A LITTLE GIRL DRAWN BY THE SHAH AT BRIGHTON.

locks here; and the wide excavation shown in this View is the space in which the docks will be constructed. The View at Eastham, looking east, shows what has been accomplished at the other end, where the Canal joins the Mersey at Eastham. This deep cutting is at the spot where the first set of locks are to be made, which will be quite close to the west or seaward end of the Canal.

Lord Tennyson, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on Aug. 6, is staying at Aldworth, his residence on Blackdown, whence he removed from the Isle of Wight after his recovery from his recent illness. His Lordship is now able to take walking and driving exercise over his favourite heath side.

Among the principal cricket-matches recently played are the following: In their thirty-first annual match at Lord's, Marlborough School defeated Rugby by six wickets. Yorkshire defeated Gloucestershire at Bradford, thus scoring their first success of the season. Notts added another to their remarkable series of single-innings victories this year by beating Gloucestershire on the Trent-Bridge Ground at Nottingham. At Manchester, Yorkshire were defeated by Lancashire by ten wickets. Surrey won the match with Kent, at Blackheath, by seven wickets. At Lord's, the M.C.C. defeated Cheltenham College by an innings and 13 runs. The match at the Oval between the Surrey Club and Clifton College ended in a draw in favour of the former. The matches between Hampshire and Sussex and Staffordshire and Warwickshire were drawn, rain preventing their being brought to a definite conclusion. Cheshire defeated Northamptonshire by 129 runs. At Bristol, Gloucestershire defeated Sussex by an innings and 40 runs.

Marchioness of Lorne, who stood sponsor for her, in person, at her christening in Faulkbourne Church. The Shah was so pleased with this little daughter of Major and Mrs. Talbot, and so admired her thoroughly English type of beauty, with her long fair hair, that, after playing with her and petting her for some time, he took pencil and paper, and drew her portrait, writing her name and that of her father, with the date, July 28, 1889, on the margin of his sketch. We feel bound, however, upon this occasion, while giving a facsimile of the portrait as drawn by his Majesty, to state the fact that it is not a correct likeness of the young lady; the lower part of her face is made very much too broad, as we are assured by the testimony of a photograph which has been sent to us.

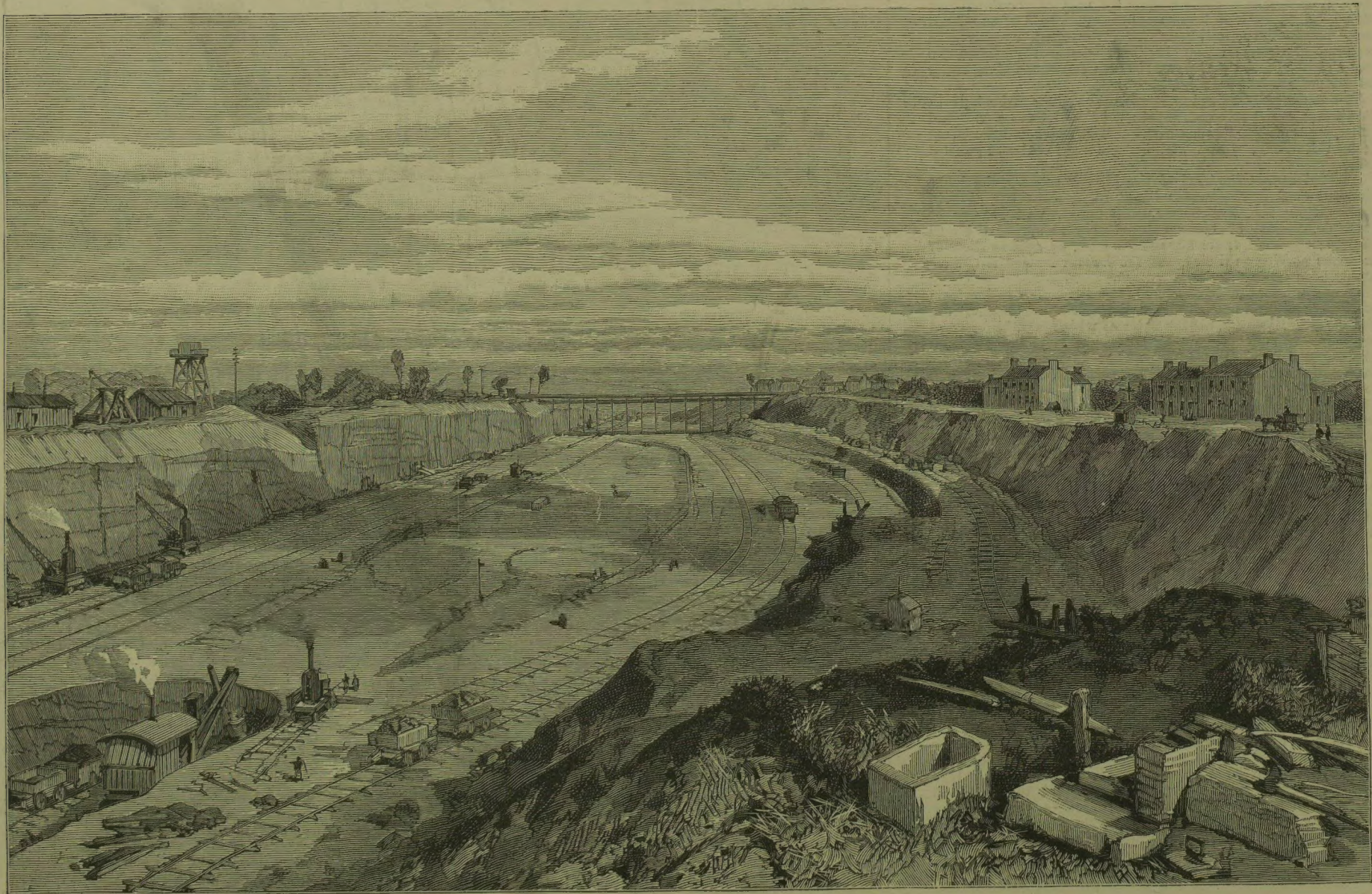
The annual High Court of the Order of Foresters was opened on Aug. 5 at Bournemouth. The High Chief Ranger, Mr. W. Mate, was able to congratulate the 600 delegates on the continued progress of the Order in all parts of the world.

The annual prize meeting of the cadets of H.M.S. Worcester, off Greenhithe, took place recently, Sir G. H. Chambers in the chair. Lord Brassey distributed the prizes. The Queen's Gold Medal, annually awarded by her Majesty to the cadet likely to make the finest sailor, was presented to Cadet Mahoney, who also received the valuable metal sextant, presented by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, which accompanies the prize. Five cadets were recommended to the Lords of the Admiralty as midshipmen in the Royal Naval Reserve. The naval cadetship this year fell to Mr. A. E. Hudson, who has since passed his examination on board H.M.S. Britannia. With this cadetship the Queen presents £35 for outfit and £5 for a binocular bearing an inscription that it is the gift of her Majesty.





THE WORKS AT EASTHAM, ON THE MERSEY ESTUARY.



THE WORKS AT LATCHFORD, NEAR WARRINGTON.

T H E   M A N C H E S T E R   S H I P   C A N A L .





TOURISTS ABROAD.

*"By indirection find direction out."*—SHAKESPEARE.



## "JEDDART'S HERE!"

Aslant upon the side of its historic hill, the Dunian, clings the steep street of this gallant old Border town. Picturesque and irregular, with the castle at its head and the river crossing its foot, the place was a fit home for the sturdy burghers whose stout hearts made it famous. A dozen times, in days gone by, was the stronghold harried with fire and sword. But when the harrying was over, the inhabitants, undaunted, only gathered back again like wasps to their byke; and in Border battles to the last the shout of "Jeddart's here!" heralded dire havoc and slaughter. For the race who dwelt in Jedburgh knew well, father and son, how to swing their home-wrought battle-axes. The castle was a residence of the Scottish Kings. Here Malcolm IV. had died, and Alexander III. had been married. But the burghers themselves, Spartan-like, destroyed it in 1409, swearing that their enemies, the English, should never keep a garrison again in their town. The six bastille houses built then in the castle's stead have long ago disappeared, though they, along with the abbey, in 1523 still held out when Norfolk and Dacre had stormed and burned the town. The site of the castle itself, however, is still marked by the dark walls of the battlemented prison.

A rough-and-ready race these burghers were, as suited their day. Deeds, not words, made judgment here, while so prompt was its execution that "Jeddart justice" rose to be proverbial, and the popular epigram spoke of the burgh as the place

Where in the morn men hang and draw,  
And sit in judgment after.

Here, in feudal times, the Border warden dealt March law; and ten miles out to the south, over the Dunian, lies Carter Ridge, the scene of that conflict between the opposing wardens in 1575 known in history and celebrated in song as "The Raid of the Reidswire"—one of the many contests decided by the timely arrival of the burghers of the Jed. In Jedburgh to the present day the Queen's Judges hold assize; and it was here that the young advocate Walter Scott made his first appearance as pleader in a criminal court. It is recorded that he got off his man, a veteran poacher, and that when, on hearing the verdict, he whispered to the fellow, "You're a lucky scoundrel!" he was naively answered, "I'm just o' your mind, and I'll send ye a maikin [hare] the morn, man."

At no time has the town long been left without a glint of the light of history, from the day when the Scots King Donald defeated Osbert of Northumbria and the refugee Picts close by on the banks of the Jed. High there, over the Dunian, on the cliff above the river at the farm of Lintalee, lie the remains of the impregnable camp held in Bruce's time by "the Good Lord James" of Douglas. Barbour describes it in his famous historic poem, and the aspiration of that age lives in his lines—

A! fredome is a nobill thing!  
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking;  
Fredome all solace to man gyffis  
He levys at ese that frely levys!  
A noble hart may haiff name ese,  
Na ellys nocht that may him plesse  
Gyff fredome falliye.

Like a gleam of sunshine through the driving storm of Jedburgh story is the episode of Queen Mary's visit here. Whether one read in it the unreflecting chivalry of the generous Stuart blood, or, as her detractors fain would do, the flame-gust of a guilty passion, there remains about it that charm of romance which ever followed the footsteps of the fair, unfortunate Queen. Mary, the story runs, was holding a Court of Justice in Jedburgh, when tidings arrived that her warden, Lord Bothwell, in the execution of Border duty, had been wounded seriously in the hand. One can imagine a hundred thoughts as the Queen's at the news—the spirit of her ancestors may have burned within her—the Royal authority itself had been insulted in the person of its warden—it was the Royal hand which should vindicate the outrage on its deputy—perhaps, alas! the more tender fear of a woman's heart was there. The Stuart race, however, were ever prompt in action, and, whatever may have been her thoughts, she did exactly what her father, the gallant Fifth James, would have done—closed Court, took horse, and rode to the scene of fray. Hermitage, where Lord Bothwell lay, was twenty miles distant, and she rode there and back in the same afternoon. No wonder that her strength was exhausted. In a thatched and steep-roofed old house at the town foot, inhabited now by the captain of police, is still to be seen the room where she lay ill for some weeks afterwards. They keep yet in an attic there the tattered remains of her chamber arras, with a couple of old swords and a matchlock pistol or two. It is a quaint old house, with low stone passages and small deep-set windows, an escutcheon still legible above the door: and it is not difficult to imagine the fair young Queen—she was only twenty-four—in the early days of her convalescence, moving about that sunny riverside garden, with the solicitous chivalry of all her little Court about her.

There is another garden somewhere about Jedburgh—the garden of that "Esther, a very remarkable woman," who could "recite Pope's 'Homer' from end to end," whom Burns on his Border tour was taken to see. In it, as he relates in his diary, he walked apart with that "sweet Isabella Lindsay," in the pleasure of whose conversation—"chit-chat of the tender kind"—the poet discovered that he was "still nearly as much tinder as ever." There he gave her a proof print of his likeness, and records that he was thanked with "something more tender than gratitude." In fact, it was evidently the scene of a very pretty little love-affair.

Wordsworth, too, once lodged here—the house is pointed out; and on the eve of his raid into England, in November, 1745, in the flush of his hopes and on the curling foam-crest of his fortunes, the last of the lineal Stuart race, Prince Charles Edward, stayed a night or two in the town. The place claims a line as well in the history of Science; for it was the birthplace of Sir David Brewster.

But towering grey and venerable above all the roofs of the town, halfway up the steep main street, rises the roofless ruin of the ancient abbey. Surrounded by pleasant, old-fashioned houses, with quiet gardens where yellow roses and pink are aflower upon the walls, that great carved cross, mute record of the aspirations of ages long forgotten, raises its sculptured sides in an inclosure of ancient graves. For eight hundred years the rising sun has kissed these broken cornices, and the rain and dew have wept over that desecrated altar, as if in pity for the glowing souls whose dreams of sculptured beauty are, with these crumbling walls, sinking to decay. Yet it may be that artist and builder have realised their dreams elsewhere, where no rust of time shall corrupt them. About the place lingers an atmosphere of the days that are past, a reminiscence of the still monastic life which will be seen here no more. To-day among these ruined aisles one can imagine how a stillness strange and sweet must have fallen upon the spirit of the warlike burgher of the town as once in a while he knelt on the quiet pavement, while the splendour of the westerling sun through the traceries of yon high oriel fell upon him blood-red through the cathedral dusk, and from afar within rose amid the shadows the chime of censers and the chant of priests.

The canons of St. Augustin can hardly have been the

portly personages tradition would have us suppose, else it was no part of their duty to climb the abbey tower here; for the stair is both narrow and steep, with only a loophole at long intervals letting a chink of light in upon the darkness. It could be no penance, either, to make the climb, for the far-spreading view from the pinnacled top is more than reward for the toil. At even this small distance nearer heaven the dwellings and deeds of the world-below appear of small moment—men are but as flies walking. Yonder black midge moving upon the road far beneath, the keeper says, is a member of Parliament. Here, if one will, he may worship in the everlasting temple of Time—a house not made with hands. Overhead rises the blue span of heaven's own Norman arch, and for an altar-lamp in the midst swings the dazzling sun-orb yonder, burning at the very throne of God.

From the tower top can be seen, two miles away on the woody edge of the Jed valley, the castle of Fernihirst, feudal home of the Kers, ancestors of the Marquises of Lothian, and staunch allies long ago of the burghers of the town. Doubtless many a signal has passed in troublous times between yonder castle and this tower, when the significant gleam of helm and spear was seen in the glades of the forest around.

Below, in the transept of the abbey, lies the sculptured tomb of the last Marquis—a bearded Apollo carved in stone; and at its foot stands a Runic slab which may have lain upon the tomb of the Marquis's Druid forefathers. So sleep the dead of name. Among humbler graves outside the church lies another noticeable stone. It is dated 1710, and marks the resting-place of one Thomas Winter, an architect and bailie of Jedburgh, "who himself ordered this inscription"—

Whoever Removes this Stone,  
Or Causes It to be Removed,  
May He Die the Last of All his Friends.

A curse, this, quite as dire, perhaps, though somewhat more definite, than that over the grave of the bard of Avon.

The high banks of the Jed on the way to Fernihirst are rich with the lights and shades of summer foliage. Doves, white and grey, wheel about them; and in the redstone cliffs which here and there show themselves are to be seen several of the caves used, like those at Anorum and in Roslin Glen, for refuge in Border warfare. Here in the narrow green meadow between road and river, its huge branches propped from the ground, stands the famous Capon oak, last remnant of the ancient Jed forest. The intelligent American writes his name on its gnarled bark to-day; but Alexander III. may have winded his hunting-horn here before America was dreamed of, as the stag stood at bay below these branches; and it is just possible that its seedling stem shot up green leaves in the forest before Herod was Tetrarch in Galilee. Above, against the sky, on the cliff edge opposite the baronial stronghold, hangs Lintalee with its memories, and a second glance is not needed to show how well-chosen the spot was for the purpose of the Douglas. Scenes and associations like these seem to ask for, if they be not enough to make, a poet; and it is no marvel to know that down the road here to school in Jedburgh from Southdean Manse, six miles away, used to trudge, nigh two hundred years ago, James Thomson, the boy who was afterwards to immortalise the beauties of the valley in his poem of "Autumn."

Grey among the woods on the right bank towers the ancient castle of Fernihirst, and above the iron-studded door in its deserted courtyard is still to be traced in worn stone the escutcheon of its ancient masters. Often has that courtyard rung with the hoofs of hostile steeds, and the stone door-lintels echoed to the swinging battle-axe. For they were a stormy race, these Kers, and the place was constantly the scene of attack and reprisal. Hither came home the jolly baron, driving the beeves from Northumberland to be roasted whole in this huge fireplace; the width of the vaulted kitchen. And hither, when the captives were groaning in these grim dungeons, and while in the "halls of grey renown" the revel and rude cheer were at their height, came thundering at the gate the furious owners of the beeves. Cracked crowns unnumbered were got here, and the red blood spirted joyously over many a shirt of mail. High up there, where the sun strikes the tower, the blood-red spray of clinging Virginia creeper might well be the stain of the costly torrent which more than once poured down these walls. Many a good life it cost Lord Dacre, when he rode out from the burning of Jedburgh to take the place in September, 1523. Even after it was taken, the Borderers managed to cut loose every horse he had, to the number of fifteen hundred—women and men alike seizing them and galloping off to the north. The Lord of Fernihirst was one of those imprisoned by way of precaution when James V., in 1529, rode out to "lay" the Border. Here, in 1549, D'Essé, the French general, took dire vengeance on an alien garrison for their dark deeds among the defenceless women of the countryside. And Ker of Fernihirst appears a few years later as one of the most gallant defenders of Queen Mary. Doubtless more than once has she herself been entertained within these walls.

Not only in feudal times, however, but in all ages has this Borderland been deluged with blood. Only a mile and a half to the east of Fernihirst, at Scraesburgh, lie the traces of a Saxon camp, made probably when that nation came to fight the British Arthur; while the remains of a Roman encampment—another northward-looking eyrie of these old-time eagles of the south—are to be seen at Monklaw, the end of the hill-crest between Teviot and Jed. Every foot of the ground, indeed, recalls some memory of its own. Here the chant of the Runic priests has been silenced by the trampling of the Roman legions. Here, half-mystical amid the dimness of the early centuries, has ridden the glittering Arthurian chivalry, retreating ever before the north-rolling waves of Saxon and Norman arms. Here, far-seen by night across the Border, have blazed the lurid watch-fires of the Douglas—warding for his master the gate of the Scottish kingdom. And here, spurred southward on romantic quest, has sped the fleet white palfrey of a fair, fate-followed Queen. The wanderer to-day in the little valley of the Jed finds, at any rate, suggestions enough of the storied past to occupy his thoughts during the quiet hours of a summer afternoon.

G. E.-T.

Entertaining the Shah at the Guildhall cost the City £2200, being a much smaller sum than was expended on the ball given in his honour at his previous visit.

Dr. Marcus Dods, about whose supposed want of orthodoxy there was a good deal of discussion at the last Free Church General Assembly, has been inducted to the Professorship of Exegesis in Edinburgh New College.

The annual sculling match, instituted by the comedian Mr. Thomas Doggett, in 1715, to commemorate the accession of the House of Hanover to the English Throne, took place on Aug. 1 over the usual course, from London Bridge to Chelsea, against the ebb tide. The first prize, in addition to the Coat and Badge, under Mr. Doggett's will, includes £10 presented by the Fishmongers' Company, in whose hands the management of the race is now vested. Green, of Barnes, passed the winning-post at Chelsea an easy winner; Wheeler was second, Scott third, White fourth, Lett fifth, and Bridgeman sixth.

## NAMES.

Trifles light as air frequently affect our destiny, but names can scarcely be called trifles. A man born with an unfortunate name, such as Ditch or Drain, Hogflesh or Coffin, is not, other things being equal, on an equality in the race of life with the man whose name is either historically significant or from its lack of meaning unobjectionable. It would be far harder for him than for a Stanley or De Vere to become a Lord Chancellor, a Bishop, or a Poet-Laureate. There was once a small poet of the name of Duck, but his voice was not sweeter than a gosling's; and it needed the vast genius of Bacon to enable us to dissociate his name from the most familiar of breakfast-table dishes. Eccentric names, even when not ugly, are a misfortune. A man named Fieldflowers went up to Oxford. "What a name!" said Dean Mansel. "He deserves to be ploughed for the first half of it, and plucked for the second."

What's in a name?—that which we call a cat  
By any other name would smell a rat.

But this is verse, or something like it, and when a verseman asks a question an answer is not expected. Women cursed with unpleasant names are better off than men, since they have the prospect of changing them; but it is hard upon boy and girl alike to have either a commonplace Christian name or one that is too grandiloquent. Ann Brown might befit a kitchen-maid, but Euphrosyne Jones, a learned young lady blessed with freckles, red hair, spectacles, and a limp, might find her baptismal name inconvenient. Coleridge, asking his lady-love by what fair name from Rome or Greece he should call her in his verse, receives the feminine answer—

Choose thou whatever suits the line—  
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,  
Call me Lalage or Doris—  
Only, only call me thine!

Such flippancy may be forgiven to a young woman in love; but, if her real name had been Amelia Stubbs, would she have liked to see it celebrated in rhyme? Charles Lamb, who wrote a sonnet on his gentle name and vowed that no deed of his should shame it, wrote one also on girls' names. After praising that of Mary as wearing the garland in the Christian world which Rebecca wears among the Jews, and granting his meed of approval to Lucy and Rosamund and "Sweet Cecilia," he adds—

Of Marthas and of Abigails few lines  
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff  
Should homely Joan be fashioned.

And then, while giving the palm to Saxon Edith, he asks if you can resist Barbara or Marian? Yes; I think I can. Marian has no charm, and I never knew a Barbara yet, and trust I never may. It was a Barbara, it will be remembered (her surname was Allen), who scorned her lover as he lay ill for her sake, and said, "Young man, I think ye're dyen." Die he did, and so did she, and a kiss would have saved both lives; but if the reader adds "and spoilt a fine ballad," I cannot contradict him.

Poets, by-the-way, know how much there is in names, and no poet knew this better than Milton, who uses them with a power that to readers with an ear for verse is irresistible. It was a happy moment for Sir Walter Scott when he selected "Waverley" as the title of his first novel, and still more fortunate that the name was given to the series of those immortal romances. The titlepage of "Vanity Fair" helped to clear Thackeray's road to fame; and "Pickwick" did the same for Dickens. I often think that Jane Austen, to me one of the most delightful of writers, would be more widely known if she had given better titles to her novels. "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility," capital novels though they be, would be better still if their names were not, like Joanna Baillie's "Plays of the Passions," indicative of a purpose. And it was surely a pity that Jane Austen did not give to "Emma," the best of her stories, that charming girl's surname of Woodhouse.

A parent has no right to make a child ridiculous by giving him high-sounding and foolish names. This is done more frequently in America than in England. Melpomene Smith and Agamemnon Brown would be happier as Jane and John. In the Southern States, among persons of negro blood, the passion for strange names is rampant. Twenty years ago a traveller wrote as follows of the fertile invention of the negroes in this respect; and I believe it is as lively now. After saying that he met a little black boy and girl bearing the names, respectively, of Festus Edwin Leander Gannett and Cornelia Felicia Thursday McArthur, he adds: "In one mission school at Macon we found amongst the black children a Prince Albert, a Queen Victoria, an Abraham Lincoln, and a Jeff Davis. Queen Victoria was called up to be examined for my special behoof, but did nothing to add lustre to her name. The names of the United States, the days of the week, and the months of the year are equally popular. You might find a January Jones, a November Smith, a Saturday Brown, and a Massachusetts Robinson all sitting in school together."

In the naming of places in America no invention was exhibited by the original colonists; neither has it been displayed since. The love of the Old Home has reproduced in the New World the names of places and of persons familiar to us here. I suppose there is not a town in England of any size the name of which has not been affectionately appropriated on the other side of the Atlantic. In New Zealand and Australia the same feeling is exhibited; and on the map of those great colonies we find the names of famous Englishmen, as well as of the towns and villages which remind the settlers of home. This is beautiful as a matter of sentiment, but a little awkward as a matter of fact. Nor is this all; for history itself suffers, since, so far as places are concerned, the names lose their significance when transplanted to a new soil.

J. D.

Mr. C. S. Lister, distributing the prizes to the successful students at the Bradford Grammar School, presented to the head-master (the Rev. Dr. Keeling) a cheque for £5000. He said that his desire was that £1000 should form the nucleus of a fund to provide a cricket and athletic field, and that the remainder should be used for scholarships either in or out of the school.

The summer graduation ceremony in connection with Edinburgh University took place on Aug. 1. Fifty-nine gentlemen had conferred upon them the degree of Doctor of Medicine, 164 that of Bachelor of Medicine, twelve that of Doctor of Laws, and six that of Master of Arts. The Cameron Prize in Therapeutics was awarded to M. Pasteur, Paris, in recognition of the high importance and great value to practical therapeutics of the treatment of hydrophobia discovered by him.

The Oberammergau Passion-plays are fast becoming modernised. Hermann Burghardt, of Vienna, has received an order to paint the scenery for the new stage, and call-bells will be introduced. The scenery is taken, for the most part, from the old masters: "The Last Supper" of Leonardo, and "The Crucifixion" after Raphael, &c. Two drop-scenes, which are painted upon wood, are also being prepared, and will be shifted backwards and forwards by means of rollers. The stage receives all its light from above, being covered by a glass roof.



## A DRIVE ACROSS THE KARROO, SOUTH AFRICA.

We had already journeyed seven days from Capetown, passing through the pretty villages of Paarl and Ceres, with their vineyards and maize-fields, and had now reached the edge of the desert known as the Karroo. The site is marked on the map of South Africa as commencing beyond the range of the great Zwarté Bergen (Black Mountains).

The entrance to the Karroo is through a small gorge about a quarter of a mile long and twenty yards wide, with abrupt walls of stone on either side, which seem to indicate that at some former period a stream of water had passed out through this gorge from a lake whose bed is now an arid desert. The distance across the desert to the point we wished to reach was a hundred miles, which we decided to accomplish in three days. It was necessary to be careful of our four horses, knowing there was no water on the journey for them. We hoped to do forty miles the first day, and thirty miles each day of the two following. We entered the Karroo Poort (Karoo Gate) at sunrise, and set out on our hazardous journey.

I should state that we had stopped over-night at a last farmhouse near the Poort, to give our horses rest and a good feed, and to supply ourselves with forage for them and water for ourselves, filling every available vessel with the precious fluid. Our conveyance was a light though strongly built Cape cart, on occasion covered with a canvas hood to protect us from the sun's rays, and there were four of us. No one can set out upon a desert journey without mingled emotions of hope and fear, there are so many contingencies lying along those weary roads, and roads rendered more desolate by the bleaching bones of dead animals—for often the willing beasts, the horses and oxen, fall with fatigue, and see with dying gaze the keen-eyed vultures swooping from afar.

As we entered the desert it spread before us on every side like a boundless brown sea, silent, solitary, and vast. As the sun rose into the sky the warmth became intense, and when by midday we halted we could see the heat rising from the scorched plains in wavy columns like golden flames. There is no greater alleviator of thirst than cold tea, and no safer stimulant in a torrid land. While the horses were being unharnessed and fed, Meadows and I prepared our midday meal. In three hours we broke up camp, and went on again till the day was nearly done—a day that had passed fairly well.

There was neither tree nor mountain in sight; nothing to break the level monotony that stretched as far as eye could see. We encamped for the night in the midst of this swelling loneliness, and then, perhaps for the first time, began really to feel its power. We spent the last hour before sundown in cutting and gathering a quantity of brushwood (Karoo shrub, the only thing that grows upon these plains), to feed a necessary fire to protect us from the wolves and jackals which scour the desert in packs.

After supper, we put away our tin dishes, replenished our big fire, wrapped ourselves in our rugs, and lay down, with our weapons by our sides and our feet to the fire.

Adolph and Wilhelm Moritz, happy Dutchmen, were soon asleep; Meadows and I lay chatting for some time, then relapsed into quietness, the deep and strange silence that surrounded us broken only by the stir of the horses tied to the wagon pole. The singular sensation of lying in this noiseless desert drove sleep from my eyes, and I lay awake a long time after George

Meadows had fallen asleep. Suddenly there came into the dead silence a long sharp, piercing cry, answered by another in the opposite direction, equally distant: these were the cries of jackals. Then came the bark of a wolf, answered by a chorus, and Meadows suddenly rose into a sitting position. "The brutes are coming!" he exclaimed. Instantly a hundred throats seemed to be baying into the darkness, drawing nearer and nearer, until we could see, surrounding us like a circle of fire, the scintillation of red eyes. The scene was now become one of startling reality—all about us the dense darkness, lighted only, and in a manner made more perceptible, by the rays of the glowing brushwood embers; in all directions about us the glare of shining eyes, and now the brutes came so near that we could hear the angry snarls and the snapping of their jaws.

George Meadows rose and threw fresh fuel on the fire: the flame that crackled and flashed up brought into view the shaggy forms of the grey wolves, the striped hyenas, behind them, again, the jackals; and the horses, realising that their deadly enemies were close at hand, gave low whinnies, as though calling upon us for protection. The Moritz brothers were up, and, together with ourselves, opened fire upon the animals, shooting at the shifting masses where they seemed thickest, answered by howls and cries of rage as our bullets tore their way into the restless groups. For an hour or more the animals skulked around; but, as we kept our brushwood fire in good condition, they finally gave up what we feared was a premeditated attack, and stole away. And then we rested, and knew no more till the chilly dawn awoke us, when a fresh

misfortune awaited us. In the confusion of the night before, a wooden canteen, filled with water, had been kicked over, the bung started, and much of the contents lost. While the horses were being fed and "inspanned," Meadows made coffee, and then, greatly refreshed, we set out before the sun was up, journeying still deeper into the desert. Our drive was a dreary pull. Once we passed close to where a flock of vultures were feeding on the carcass of some animal that had wandered off the road to die. Our track was lined with whitened bones. After we had halted for an hour's rest and a hurried breakfast, we went on again, and should have been in good spirits enough had not our horses, injured as they were, begun to show unmistakable signs of the fatigue that follows a lack of water.

We ourselves had not too much to satisfy the needs of four men, and we determined to put ourselves on short allowance since the mishap of the night before. After the midday "outspan," our late afternoon journey was enlivened by a singular display of thieving boldness. We were slowly "trekking" along, the two drivers of our four-in-hand team seated on the front seat, Meadows and I on the seat behind, half asleep, the curtain at the end of the wagon rolled up a few inches to permit a draught to pass through, when all at once we heard a scuffling kind of spring and scratching at the tail-board,

the food is swallowed with difficulty, and the system is faint with fever, while the knowledge of its absence does but heighten the craving of the body for its cool refreshment. After our rest we set out again, and the time slipped by in silence. Later, looking up, I saw something, and turned and said to Meadows:—

"Thank God! there is water ahead. See, there is a lake a few miles off."

"A lake!" exclaimed Moritz. "Don't you know what that is?"

"What is it, if not a lake?" demanded Meadows.

"A mirage—and nothing else," said the elder Moritz.

"A mirage!" I cried. "Why, I can see the water: there are the reflections of the trees and deer drinking."

"You'll see what'll become of your lake, Mynheer, and your trees and your deer, as we go," he replied with a short laugh. "No! you'll see no water till we're out of the Karroo and at Verbeck's Farm."

Far away overhead in the brazen sky was a single vulture, that made one dizzy to look at. An hour later the stumbling horses suddenly pricked up their ears, and the leaders neighed.

"There is water," said Moritz, in an undertone of surprise. "You may deceive a man, but you can't deceive a horse."

True enough, in a short time we came up to a nearly dried pool of filthy water, little more than mud, as thick as porridge and as brown as chocolate, towards which the horses rushed with new energy. It was a cruel act, but we pulled up suddenly, and Adolph and his brother leapt to the ground and held them back, while Meadows and I ran forward and scooped up the liquid and strained it through a handkerchief until we had collected a large kettleful. Then we outspanned and let the horses go, and stood and watched them as they eagerly licked up the muddy compound. One may ask how it was this little pool should be in the road-tracks of the desert, where, as far as we knew, no rain had fallen. I cannot tell; I only know that it was there, and that it saved our lives. A fire was made, and the kettle set on it; we knew we had the water, and could wait. It was boiled, to free it from impurities and germs it might contain, and then, when properly heated, we again strained it through a handkerchief, afterwards pouring it all into a porous pitcher we had with us, and, encasing that again with a strip of wet flannel, we placed the pitcher in the sun, where the evaporation of the steaming flannel cooled the water inside to a delicious freshness, though it could not improve the flavour.

We drank a large cupful each—it was the colour of polished mahogany—and put the rest into the wagon, slaking our thirst as we drove on. Just before the sun set, a globe of crimson fire in an empty, quivering sky, we saw before us, touched by his last beams, a distant fringe of trees, and we knew we were nearing our journey's end, for Verbeck's farm lay behind that distant foliage. Our last meal was eaten on the desert, our last rest taken till the moon was up, and then on again we "trekked" through a silent world.

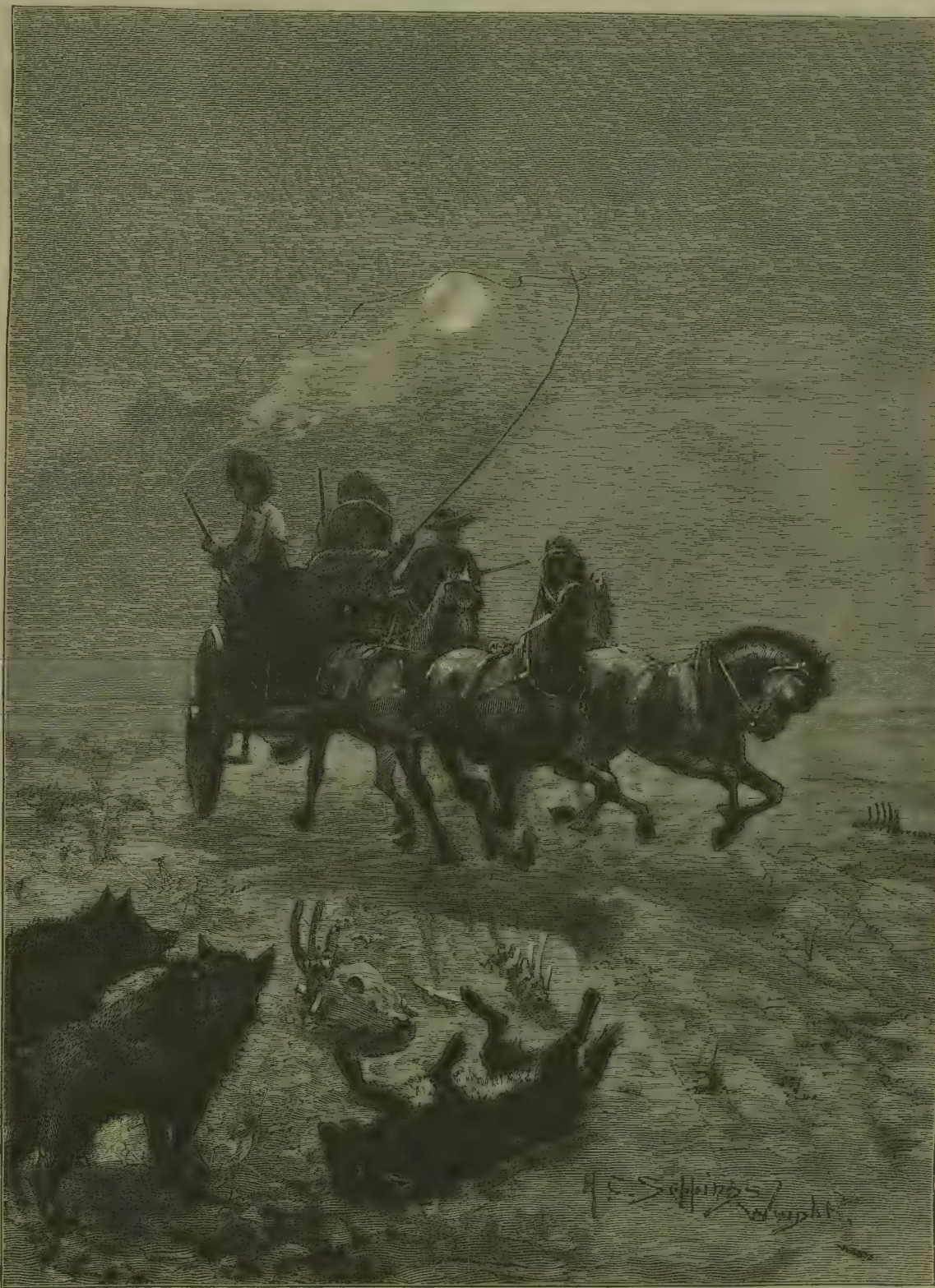
At midnight of that same day we walked our weary horses up to the farm-gate, and were met by the hospitable farmer Verbeck and his family, heralded by the troop of dogs that are invariably to be found hanging about the Dutch farm-houses. Our journey across the Karroo was accomplished, and we had reached the Farm of Mooifontein (Beautiful Water). Behind the white-walled house and shaded trees ran a small river, to which we led the tired horses before taking them to the barn; and, later, over an

impromptu supper, we told Verbeck the latest news from the civilised world, and slept that night, with a grateful sense of perils overcome, far into the morning light of the following day.

C. H. L.

The Queen has approved of the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry Cavalry being in future designated the Royal Bucks Hussars.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, on Aug. 1. Mr. C. Dibdin, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards were granted to three men and a woman for putting off in a boat and saving a man from a boat which had been capsized off Cape Clear, county Cork, during a strong north-east breeze on July 2. Payments amounting to £2574 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £2000 from an anonymous donor for three life-boats, to be named respectively the Ellen and Eliza, the Three Brothers, and the Three Sisters; £150 from the Ancient Order of Foresters, annual subscription in aid of the support of their three life-boats; £52 10s. annual subscription from the Worshipful Company of Drapers; and £10 10s. additional donation from the Worshipful Company of Skinners. New life-boats have been sent during the past month to Blyth and Weston-super-Mare. The Mundesley, Withersea, and Goudon life-boats, having been altered and fitted with modern improvements, have been returned to their stations. Reports were read from the deputy chief inspector and the district inspectors of life-boats on their recent visits to life-boat stations.



A DRIVE ACROSS THE KARROO, SOUTH AFRICA.

and, looking round, we caught the glimpse of the nose of a jackal as it disappeared from sight. The reason was obvious. Lashed against the back of the wagon outside was a sack of dried salt fish, the odour of which had attracted the sharp-scented thieves, and which the brutes were endeavouring to steal, and finally succeeded in doing so by biting off the lashings. Moritz would not stop the horses, but whipped them up afresh, saying, "Let them have it." George and I, however, used our revolvers, leaving many of them dead in the road behind; but, having secured the fish, they seemed satisfied, as we could see them in the distance fighting and tearing at each other over the booty.

Night came, and all was quiet when we outspanned at the close of the second day, our bed again the hot sands, and our covering the dim vault above, studded with stars that looked like points of burnished silver stretching far away.

Our third and last day's journey was a most trying one, during which we fully realised what desert travelling may become. We had exhausted our last drop of water the night before, and we awoke with a thirst that seemed then unbearable; but before the day was over we learned that our morning thirst was but a trifling affair. Everything was intensified on that day: the sun seemed fiercer, the heat greater, the desert drier, and the sky more defiant. In fact, we seemed to be journeying deeper and deeper into a furnace whose fires forbade a farther approach, and when we halted for the noon-day rest both man and beast were utterly exhausted.

No one who has not crossed a desert can possibly imagine the fearful condition to which a want of water reduces him:



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER VII.

## DOCTORING THE DOCTOR.



heard, he could only conclude that reminiscences of her theatrical career had tempted the solitary actress to make a private appearance, for her own pleasure, in one of those tragic characters to which her husband had alluded. She recovered her self-possession on Mountjoy's appearance, with the case of a mistress of her art. "Pardon me," she said, holding up her book with one hand, and tapping it indicatively with the other; "Shakespeare carries me out of myself. A spark of the poet's fire burns in the poet's humble servant. May I hope that I have made myself understood? You look as if you had a fellow-feeling for me."

Mountjoy did his best to fill the sympathetic part assigned to him, and only succeeded in showing what a bad actor he would have been, if he had gone on the stage. Under the sedative influence thus administered, Mrs. Vimpany put away



Urged by rage and fear, she shook him furiously.

her book, and descended at once from the highest poetry to the lowest prose.

"Let us return to domestic events," she said indulgently.

"Have the people at the inn given you a good dinner?"

"The people did their best," Mountjoy answered cautiously.

"Has my husband returned with you?" Mrs. Vimpany went on.

Mountjoy began to regret that he had not waited for Iris in the street. He was obliged to acknowledge that the doctor had not returned with him.

"Where is Mr. Vimpany?"

"At the inn."

"What is he doing there?"

Mountjoy hesitated. Mrs. Vimpany rose again into the regions of tragic poetry. She stepped up to him, as if he had been Macbeth, and she was ready to use the daggers. "I understand but too well," she declared, in terrible tones. "My wretched husband's vices are known to me. Mr. Vimpany is intoxicated."

Hugh tried to make the best of it. "Only asleep," he said. Mrs. Vimpany looked at him once more. This time, it was Queen Katharine looking at Cardinal Wolsey. She bowed with lofty courtesy, and opened the door. "I have occasion," she said, "to go out"—and made an exit.

Five minutes later, Mountjoy (standing at the window, impatiently on the watch for the return of Iris) saw Mrs. Vimpany in the street.—She entered a chemist's shop, on the opposite side of the way, and came out again with a bottle in her hand. It was enclosed in the customary medical wrapping of white paper. Majestically, she passed out of sight. If Hugh had followed her, he would have traced the doctor's wife to the door of the inn.

The unemployed waiter was on the house-steps, looking about him—with nothing to see. He made his bow to Mrs. Vimpany, and informed her that the landlady had gone out.

"You will do as well," was the reply. "Is Mr. Vimpany here?"

The waiter smiled, and led the way through the passage to the foot of the stairs. "You can hear him, ma'am." It was quite true; Mr. Vimpany's snoring answered for Mr. Mountjoy. His wife ascended the first two or three stairs, and stopped to speak again to the waiter. She asked what the two gentlemen had taken to drink with their dinner. They had taken "the French Wine."

"And nothing else?"

The waiter ventured on a little joke. "Nothing else," he said—"and more than enough of it, too."

"Not more than enough, I suppose, for the good of the house," Mrs. Vimpany remarked.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; the claret the two gentlemen drank is not charged for in the bill."

"What do you mean?"

The waiter explained that Mr. Mountjoy had purchased the whole stock of the wine. Suspicion, as well as surprise, appeared in Mrs. Vimpany's face. She had hitherto thought it likely that Miss Henley's gentlemanlike friend might be secretly in love with the young lady. Her doubts of him, now, took a wider range of distrust. She went on up the stairs by herself, and banged the door of the private room as the easiest means of waking the sleeping man. To the utmost noise that she could make in this way, he was perfectly impenetrable. For a while she waited, looking at him across the table with unutterable contempt.

There was the man to whom the religion of the land and the law of the land, acting together in perfect harmony, had fettered her for life! Some women, in her position, might

have wasted time in useless self-reproach. Mrs. Vimpany reviewed her miserable-married life with the finest mockery of her own misfortune. "Virtue," she said to herself, "is its own reward."

Glancing with careless curiosity at the disorder of the dinner-table, she noticed some wine still left in the bottom of her husband's glass. Had artificial means been used to reduce him to his present condition? She tasted the claret. No: there was nothing in the flavour of it which betrayed that he had been drugged. If the



He surprised her, striding up and down the room with a book in her hand.

waiter was to be believed, he had only drunk claret—and there he was, in a state of helpless stupefaction, nevertheless.

She looked again at the dinner-table, and discovered one, among the many empty bottles, with some wine still left in it. After a moment of reflection, she took a clean tumbler from the sideboard.

Here was the wine which had been an object of derision to Mr. Vimpany and his friends. They were gross feeders and drinkers; and it might not be amiss to put their opinions to the test. She was not searching for the taste of a drug now; her present experiment proposed to try the wine on its own merits.

At the time of her triumphs on the country stage—before the date of her unlucky marriage—rich admirers had entertained the handsome actress at suppers, which offered every luxury that the most perfect table could supply. Experience had made her acquainted with the flavour of the finest claret—and that experience was renewed by the claret which she was now tasting. It was easy to understand why Mr. Mountjoy had purchased the wine; and, after a little thinking, his motive for inviting Mr. Vimpany to dinner seemed to be equally plain. Foiled in their first attempt at discovery by her own prudence and tact, his suspicions had set their trap. Her gross husband had been tempted to drink, and to talk at random (for Mr. Mountjoy's benefit) in a state of intoxication!

What secrets might the helpless wretch not have betrayed, before the wine had completely stupefied him?

Urged by rage and fear, she shook him furiously. He woke; he glared at her with bloodshot eyes; he threatened her with his clenched fist. There was but one way of lifting his purblind stupidity to the light. She appealed to his experience of himself, on many a former occasion: "You fool, you have been drinking again—and there's a patient waiting for you." To that dilemma he was accustomed; the statement of it partially roused him. Mrs. Vimpany tore off the paper wrapping, and opened the medicine-bottle which she had brought with her.

He stared at it; he muttered to himself: "Is she going to poison me?" She seized his head with one hand, and held the open bottle to his nose. "Your own prescription," she cried, "for yourself and your hateful friends."

His nose told him what words might have tried vainly to say; he swallowed the mixture. "If I lose the patient," he muttered oracularly, "I lose the money." His resolute wife dragged him out of his chair. The second door in the dining-room led into an empty bed-chamber. With her help, he got into the room, and dropped on the bed.

Mrs. Vimpany consulted her watch.

On many a former occasion she had learnt what interval of repose was required, before the sobering influence of the mixture could successfully assert itself. For the present, she had only to return to the other room. The waiter presented himself, asking if there was anything he could do for her. Familiar with the defective side of her husband's character, he understood what it meant when she pointed to the bed-room door. "The old story, ma'am," he said, with an air of respectful sympathy. "Can I get you a cup of tea?"

Mrs. Vimpany accepted the tea, and enjoyed it thoughtfully.

She had two objects in view—to be revenged on Mountjoy, and to find a way of forcing him to leave the town before he could communicate his discoveries to Iris. How to reach these separate ends, by one and the same means, was still the problem which she was trying to solve, when the doctor's coarse voice was audible, calling for somebody to come to him.

If his head was only clear enough, by this time, to understand the questions which she meant to put, his answers might suggest the idea of which she was in search. Rising with alacrity, Mrs. Vimpany returned to the bed-chamber.

"You miserable creature," she began, "are you sober now?"

"I'm as sober as you are."

"Do you know," she went on, "why Mr. Mountjoy asked you to dine with him?"

"Because he's my friend."

"He is your worst enemy. Hold your tongue! I'll explain what I mean directly. Rouse your memory, if you have got a memory left. I want to know what you and Mr. Mountjoy talked about, after dinner."

He stared at her helplessly. She tried to find her way to his recollection by making suggestive inquiries. It was useless; he only complained of being thirsty. His wife lost her self-control. She was too furiously angry with him to be able to remain in the room. Recovering her composure, when she was alone, she sent for soda-water and brandy. Her one



chance of making him useful was to humour his vile temper; she waited on him herself.

In some degree, the drink cleared his muddled head. Mrs. Vimpany tried his memory once more. Had he said this? Had he said that? Yes: he thought it likely. Had he, or had Mr. Mountjoy, mentioned Lord Harry's name? A glimmer of intelligence showed itself in his stupid eyes. Yes—and they had quarrelled about it; he rather thought he had thrown a bottle at Mr. Mountjoy's head. Had they, either of them, said anything about Miss Henley? Oh, of course! What was it? He was unable to remember. Had his wife done anything to him, now?

"Not quite," she replied. "Try to understand what I am going to say to you. If Lord Harry comes to us, while Miss Henley is in our house—"

He interrupted her: "That's your business."

"Wait a little. It's my business, if I hear beforehand that his lordship is coming. But he is quite reckless enough to take us by surprise. In that case, I want you to make yourself useful. If you happen to be at home, keep him from seeing Miss Henley, until I have seen her first."

"Why?"

"I want an opportunity, my dear, of telling Miss Henley that I have been wicked enough to deceive her, before she finds it out for herself. I may hope she will forgive me, if I confess everything."

The doctor laughed: "What the devil does it matter whether she forgives you or not?"

"It matters a great deal."

"Why, you talk as if you were fond of her!"

"I am."

The doctor's clouded intelligence was beginning to clear: he made a smart reply: "Fond of her, and deceiving her—aha!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "that's just what it is. It has grown on me, little by little; I can't help liking Miss Henley."

"Well," Mr. Vimpany remarked, "you are a fool!" He looked at her cunningly. "Suppose I do make myself useful, what am I to gain by it?"

"Let us get back," she suggested, "to the gentleman who invited you to dinner, and made you tipsy for his own purposes."

"I'll break every bone in his skin!"

"Don't talk nonsense! Leave Mr. Mountjoy to me."

"Do you take his part? I can tell you this. If I drank too much of that poisonous French stuff, Mountjoy set me the example. He was tipsy—as you call it—shamefully tipsy, I give you my word of honour. What's the matter now?"

His wife (so impenetrably cool, thus far) had suddenly become excited. There was not the smallest fragment of truth in what he had just said of Hugh, and Mrs. Vimpany was not for a moment deceived by it. But the lie had, accidentally, one merit—it suggested to her the idea which she had vainly tried to find, over her cup of tea. "Suppose I show you how you may be revenged on Mr. Mountjoy," she said.

"Well?"

"Will you remember what I asked you to do for me, if Lord Harry takes us by surprise?"

He produced his pocket-diary, and told her to make a memorandum of it. She wrote as briefly as if she had been writing a telegram: "Keep Lord Harry from seeing Miss Henley, till I have seen her first."

"Now," she said, taking a chair by the bedside, "you shall know what a clever wife you have got. Listen to me."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HER FATHER'S MESSAGE.

Looking out of the drawing-room window, for the tenth time at least, Mountjoy at last saw Iris in the street, returning to the house.

She brought the maid with her into the drawing-room, in the gayest of good spirits, and presented Rhoda to Mountjoy.

"What a blessing a good long walk is, if we only knew it!" she exclaimed. "Look at my little maid's colour! Who would suppose that she came here with heavy eyes and pale cheeks? Except that she loses her way in the town, whenever she goes out alone, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on our residence at Honeybuzzard. The doctor is Rhoda's good genius, and the doctor's wife is her fairy god-mother."

Mountjoy's courtesy having offered the customary congratulations, the maid was permitted to retire; and Iris was free to express her astonishment at the friendly relations established (by means of the dinner-table) between the two most dissimilar men on the face of creation.

"There is something overwhelming," she declared, "in the bare idea of your having asked him to dine with you—on such a short acquaintance, and being such a man! I should like to have peeped in, and seen you entertaining your guest with the luxuries of the hotel larder. Seriously, Hugh, your social sympathies have taken a range for which I was not prepared. After the example that you have set me, I feel ashamed of having doubted whether Mr. Vimpany was worthy of his charming wife. Don't suppose that I am ungrateful to the

doctor! He has found his way to my regard, after what he has done for Rhoda. I only fail to understand how he has possessed himself of your sympathies."

So she ran on, enjoying the exercise of her own sense of humour in innocent ignorance of the serious interests which she was deriding.

Mountjoy tried to stop her, and tried in vain.

"No, no," she persisted as mischievously as ever, "the subject is too interesting to be dismissed. I am dying to know how you and your guest got through the dinner. Did he take more wine than was good for him? And, when he forgot his good manners, did he set it all right again by saying, 'No offence,' and passing the bottle?"

Hugh could endure it no longer. "Pray control your high spirits for a moment," he said. "I have news for you from home."

Those words put an end to her outbreak of gaiety in an instant.

"News from my father?" she asked.

"Pardon me, Iris, I see no reason why you should waste a week in this town. On the contrary, the more eager you show yourself to return to your father, the more likely you are to recover your place in his estimation. I had planned to take you home by the next train."

Iris looked at him in astonishment. "Is it possible that you mean what you say?" she asked.

"My dear, I do most assuredly mean what I say. Why should you hesitate? What possible reason can there be for staying here any longer?"

"Oh, Hugh, how you disappoint me! What has become of your kind feeling, your sense of justice, your consideration for others? Poor Mrs. Vimpany!"

"What has Mrs. Vimpany to do with it?"

Iris was indignant.

"What has Mrs. Vimpany to do with it?" she repeated. "After all that I owe to that good creature's kindness; after I have promised to accompany her—she has so few happy days, poor soul!—on excursions to places of interest in the neighbour-

hood, do you expect me to leave her—no! it's worse than that—do you expect me to throw her aside like an old dress that I have worn out? And this after I have so unjustly, so ungratefully suspected her in my own thoughts? Shameful! shameful!"

With some difficulty, Mountjoy controlled himself. After what she had just said, his lips were sealed on the subject of Mrs. Vimpany's true character. He could only persist in appealing to her duty to her father.

"You are allowing your quick temper to carry you to strange extremities," he answered. "If I think it of more importance to hasten a reconciliation with your father than to encourage you to make excursions with a lady whom you have only known for a week or two, what have I done to deserve such an outbreak of anger? Hush! Not a word more now! Here is the lady herself."

As he spoke, Mrs. Vimpany joined them; returning from her interview with her husband at the inn. She looked first at Iris, and at once perceived signs of disturbance in the young lady's face.

Concealing her anxiety under that wonderful stage smile, which affords a refuge to so many secrets, Mrs. Vimpany said a few words excusing her absence. Miss Henley answered, without the slightest change in her friendly manner to the doctor's wife. The signs of disturbance were evidently attributable to some entirely unimportant cause, from Mrs. Vimpany's point of view. Mr. Mountjoy's discoveries had not been communicated yet.

In Hugh's state of mind, there was some irritating influence in the presence of the mistress of the house, which applied the spur to his wits. He mischievously proposed submitting to her the question in dispute between Iris and himself.

"It is a very simple matter," he said to Mrs. Vimpany. "Miss Henley's father is anxious that she should return to him, after an estrangement between them which is happily at an end. Do you think she ought to allow any accidental engagements to prevent her from going home at once? If she requests your indulgence, under the circumstances, has she any reason to anticipate a refusal?"

Mrs. Vimpany's expressive eyes looked up, with saintly resignation, at the dirty ceiling—and asked in dumb show what she had done to deserve the injury implied by a doubt!

"Mr. Mountjoy," she said sternly, "you insult me by asking the question. Dear Miss Henley," she continued, turning to Iris, "you will do me justice, I am sure. Am I capable of allowing my own feelings to stand in the way, when your filial duty is concerned? Leave me, my sweet friend. Go! I entreat you, go home!"

She retired up the stage—no, no; she withdrew to the other end of the room—and burst into the most becoming of all human tears, theatrical tears. Impulsive Iris hastened to comfort the personification of self-sacrifice, the model of all that was most unselfish in female submission. "For shame! for shame!" she whispered, as she passed Mountjoy.

Beaten again by Mrs. Vimpany—with no ties of relationship to justify resistance to Miss Henley; with two women against him, entrenched behind the privileges of their sex—the one last sacrifice of his own feelings, in the interests of Iris, that Hugh could make was to control the impulse which naturally urged him to leave the house. In the helpless position in which he had now placed himself, he could only wait to see what course Mrs. Vimpany might think it desirable to take. Would she request him, in her most politely malicious way, to bring his visit to an end? No: she looked at him—hesitated—directed a furtive glance towards the view of the street from the window—smiled mysteriously—and completed the sacrifice of her own feelings in these words:

"Dear Miss Henley, let me help you to pack up."

Iris positively refused.

"No," she said, "I don't agree with Mr. Mountjoy. My father leaves it to me to name the day when we meet. I hold



"Now," she said, taking a chair by the bedside, "you shall know what a clever wife you have got."

"Yes."

"Is he coming here?"

"No; I have heard from him."

"A letter?"

"A telegram," Mountjoy explained, "in answer to a letter from me. I did my best to press your claims on him, and I am glad to say I have not failed."

"Hugh, dear Hugh! have you succeeded in reconciling us?"

Mountjoy produced the telegram. "I asked Mr. Henley," he said, "to let me know at once whether he would receive you, and to answer plainly Yes or No. The message might have been more kindly expressed—but, at any rate, it is a favourable reply."

Iris read the telegram. "Is there another father in the world," she said sadly, "who would tell his daughter when she asks to come home, that he will receive her on trial?"

"Surely, you are not offended with him, Iris?"

She shook her head. "I am like you," she said. "I know him too well to be offended. He shall find me dutiful, he shall find me patient. I am afraid I must not expect you to wait for me in Honeybuzzard. Will you tell my father that I hope to return to him in a week's time?"



you, my dear, to our engagement—I don't leave an affectionate friend as I might leave a stranger."

Even if Mr. Mountjoy communicated his discoveries to Miss Henley, on the way home, there would be no danger now of her believing him. Mrs. Vimpany put her powerful arm round the generous Iris, and, with infinite grace, thanked her by a kiss.

"Your kindness will make my lonely lot in life harder than ever to bear," she murmured, "when you are gone."

"But we may hope to meet in London," Iris reminded her; "unless Mr. Vimpany alters his mind about leaving this place."

"My husband will not do that, dear. He is determined to try his luck, as he says, in London. In the meantime you will give me your address, won't you? Perhaps you will even promise to write to me?"

Iris instantly gave her promise, and wrote down her address in London.

Mountjoy made no attempt to interfere: it was needless.

If the maid had not fallen ill on the journey, and if Mrs. Vimpany had followed Miss Henley to London, there would have been little to fear in the discovery of her address—and there was little to fear now. The danger to Iris was not in what might happen while she was living under her father's roof, but in what might happen if she was detained (by plans for excursions) in Mr. Vimpany's house, until Lord Harry might join her there.

Rather than permit this to happen, Hugh (in sheer desperation) meditated charging Mrs. Vimpany, to her face, with being the Irish lord's spy, and proving the accusation by challenging her to produce the registered letter and the diamond pin.

While he was still struggling with his own reluctance to inflict this degrading exposure on a woman, the talk between the two ladies came to an end. Mrs. Vimpany returned again to the window. On this occasion, she looked out into the street—with her handkerchief (was it used as a signal?) exhibited in her hand. Iris, on her side, advanced to Mountjoy. Easily moved to anger, her nature was incapable of sullen perseverance in a state of enmity. To see Hugh still patiently waiting—still risking the chances of insult—devoted to her, and forgiving her—was at once a reproach that punished Iris, and a mute appeal that no true woman's heart could resist.

With tears in her eyes, she said to him: "There must be no coolness between you and me. I lost my temper, and spoke shamefully to you. My dear, I am indeed sorry for it. You are never hard on me—you won't be hard on me now?"

She offered her hand to him. He had just raised it to his lips—when the drawing-room door was roughly opened. They both looked round.

The man of all others whom Hugh least desired to see, was the man who now entered the room. The victim of "light

## MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

*Nineteenth Century*.—Mr. Frederic Harrison, breakfasting in Paris with several French Republicans, collects their opinions of the Exhibition, and of the centenary of the French Revolution. The prospects of the Advanced Liberal party in England recovering power are coolly measured by Mr. Atherley Jones, M.P., who confesses that it is "in a deplorable state of disorganisation, scarcely removed from anarchy," even with Mr. Gladstone at its head, and that the English working classes do not care for Irish Home Rule. Good medical advice for invalids seeking change of air, with special reference to long sea voyages, and a comparison between Tenerife and Madeira, is proffered by Dr. Burney Yeo. "Wanted, a Gospel for the Century," is the advertisement discerned and answered by the Rev. Father Barry. As he considers that the progress of civilisation was thrown back two centuries by the Protestant Reformation, so the nineteenth century must be saved, in his view, by associating the Catholic religious creed with modern Social Science. Sir Joseph Fayrer supplies an instructive account of the fierce wild beasts and venomous serpents of India. The dramas of the Norwegian author Ibsen are thoughtfully analysed by Mr. Walter Frewen Lord. Mr. Gladstone's recent onslaught on the Legislative Act of Union is severely rebuked by Lord Brabourne. An amusing ironical exposure of "The Art of Conversation," the practice of collecting topics for dinner-table talk, anecdotes, jokes, and expressions of opinion, from commonplace books, reviews, and magazines, is contributed by Lord Ribblesdale. Mr. Gladstone, plunged once more in studies of Homeric antiquity, finds many proofs that the hero of the Odyssey was a Prince of that part of the Greek nation which descended from Phœnician colonists in Ithaca and other Ionian islands, and was imperfectly assimilated to the Hellenic race. The historical sketch, by Dr. Geffcken, of the long-continued French aggressions on Germany, under Cardinal Mazarin and Louis XIV. and, worst of all, Napoleon I., is not written in good English. "Wool-gathering" is the title of discursive and dreamy meditations by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, on a fine summer day when he would like to be a bird or a bee, instead of a serious literary essayist. Among the new books recommended by contributors to this review are Mr. Fiske's history of the mode in which the American Constitution was prepared, in 1788, by the Federal Convention of States (noticed by Mr. John Morley); and Lady Blennerhassett's "Life of Madame De Staël," which also we have reviewed.

*Contemporary Review*.—"A Revelation and a Prophecy" may seem rather big words to announce what is likely, in the judgment of an anonymous writer, to be the policy of Pope Leo XIII. in his uneasy position at Rome. Whether the Pope stays at the Vatican, in spite of the displeasing commemoration of Bruno's martyrdom, or goes to the Balearic Islands, or comes to England, is a matter of tolerable indifference to the people of Great Britain. Passing on to the next article, we invite the attention of vocalists to Sir Morell Mackenzie's counsels on the management of the throat and larynx in singing. The centenary of the capture of the Bastille in Paris is a topic of which our readers have had enough; but Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a Positivist lecture at Newton Hall, Fetter-lane, narrated the affair with much spirit, adding some comments on the Revolution of 1789 which he puts in print. Sir W. W. Hunter's remarks on the training of female professional practitioners of medicine for service in India have considerable value. The demand for intellectual and moral freedom, indeed for sincerity, in the study of Biblical criticism, especially with reference to the historical books of the Old Testament, and for the adaptation of Church teaching and preaching to the results of such inquiries, is frankly advocated by the Rev. Canon Cheyne, D.D. Mr. F. Mackarness discusses the native affairs of South Africa, outside the Cape Colony, protesting against interference by irresponsible London societies and committees. The share of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, as a scientific naturalist, in contributing to the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, is now generally recognised; Mr. G. J. Romanes proceeds to examine some points of difference in the views, respectively, of Wallace and Darwin; he inclines to the latter. Projects for the reform of the Royal Academy are examined by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. The Rev. P. H. Wicksteed expounds the mystic ethical purport of Ibsen's singular dramatic poem "Peer Gynt." Mr. H. Dunckley investigates the history of the Civil List, and of pecuniary grants to the Royal family.

*Universal Review*.—The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, proceeding with his critical comparison of the English and French schools of painting, does full justice to William Hunt and David Cox, several of whose pictures are well reproduced in the engravings. Professor Freeman, an excellent historian but a capricious, often angry logician, holds forth on the rules by which "political differences" may be distinguished from "moral crimes." The vineyards of Médoc, in the Gironde, with the châteaux which are famous only for giving their names to the choicest wines, are described by Mr. H. W. Lucy, who says there is no proper reason for calling such wine "claret." A pretty little poem, by Mr. G. Eyre-Todd, is prettily illustrated. The historical series of examples of artistic decoration in title-pages is continued by Mr. A. Pollard. Lady Dilke writes on the question of female suffrage. Mr. J. H. Ingram vindicates the character of Christopher Marlowe. The art, science, or practice, the pastime at least, of divination by palmistry is made the subject of minute examination by Mr. W. L. Courtney and Mr. Edwin Ellis. Mr. Edward Garnett continues his story, "Light and Shadow."

*Fortnightly Review*.—To weigh the political sentiments of Mr. Gladstone against those of "the Civilised World," but first to show that they lie in opposite scales of controversial opinion, is the undertaking of Mr. Karl Blind, a cosmopolitan champion of Republican principles, intimately associated with the past struggles of national patriotism on the Continent of Europe, but who denies that Irish Home Rule belongs in any way to their cause. The experiences of Mr. Joseph Thomson as a traveller in Africa, though not inconsiderable, scarcely warrant his assumption of dogmatic authority in condemning the whole policy of the British Government with regard to commercial and colonial enterprises on that continent. Gounod's views of art and the education of artists, reported by Mlle. De Bovet, seem worthy of attention. A precise account of the existing fortifications of Paris deserves the notice of connoisseurs of military science. The ceremonial anointment of the boy-King of Serbia gives occasion for Mr. J. D. Bourchier to relate the historical traditions of the Serbian nation. Mr. W. L. Courtney's essay on Roger Bacon and Mr. Walter Pater's on Giordano Bruno are scholarly studies of the history of philosophy, and the biography of two of its professors. The articles on the wants and grievances of Cyprus, by Mr. Hogarth, and on the depressed condition of the Russian peasantry, contain apparently sound information. Mr. Oswald Crauford describes a Portuguese bull-fight. We think Mr. Robert Browning's angry verses about Fitzgerald, who has long been dead, ought never to have been published, and ought not to be further noticed.

*National Review*.—Sportsmen are now on the moors, and Mr. George Campion's account of grouse-shooting is therefore in season. Mr. Austen Pember exposes the grave defects of religious training in public schools for boys of the upper classes. The problem of Imperial or Colonial government in South Africa is treated by Major Elsdale with very mistaken notions, as we think, of the facility of dealing with it by a supreme British administration. Mr. C. J. Hamilton exhibits some specimens of Irish popular songs and ballads inspired by the Land League. The speculations of the late Oxford Professor, T. H. Green, in political philosophy are examined by Mr. F. C. Conybeare, and contrasted with those of the late Sir Henry Sumner Maine. Reminiscences of Thackeray at Charterhouse School are contributed by one who was there soon after him; but they are puerile and trivial, not worth recording. Mr. F. Hitchman has his fling at the French Revolution of 1789, ridiculing the Calendar subsequently adopted by a Republican decree. The manifest agrarian distress of the Russian peasantry is investigated by Dr. John Rae, who calls Russia "an Empire of Crofters." London in 1663, as it appeared to a French visitor, M. De Monconys, whose old book has been picked up by Mr. Arthur Dasent, affords a diverting study.

*Westminster Review*.—Many who have lately heard of Giordano Bruno, the philosopher burnt as a heretic at Rome in the year 1600, to whose honour the Italian Liberals have paid a signal tribute, may wish for a good account of his life, works, and doctrines: this is ably supplied by Professor Plumtree in a highly instructive essay. Partisans of Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question may welcome the notice of a French book or pamphlet by M. François de Pressensé, in accordance with their views. There is an exposition of the principles of Agnosticism, followed by a string of arguments against the credibility of miracles, in opposition to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox. The so-called Naturalistic school of French novelists, from Balzac to Zola, is criticised by a writer who charges the latter with a perversion of literary effort. Mr. F. Maxwell Lyte analyses two recent treatises of cosmogony—namely, those of Mr. E. A. Ridsdale and Dr. James Croll, on the "genesis of the elements" and the formation of the planets—which he commends to thoughtful perusal. Mr. W. T. Stead's eulogy of the Czar and the Russian Government brings on him the contemptuous reproaches of Mr. Sheridan Ford. An article signed "N. Arling" contends for more liberty to be allowed to women.

*The New Review*.—An eminent French Republican statesman, M. Flourens, commands serious attention to his statement of the true relations between France and Russia, which, he says, are, and have long been, simply an understanding that Russia will not permit Germany to attack France; and which were recognised by the British Government in 1875 as the means of preserving the European peace. Lord Coleridge, in a second article on the late Matthew Arnold, estimates the merits of his friend as a prose writer and essayist, candidly dealing with his theological writings, and bearing an eloquent testimony to his genuine piety and virtue. In bad taste, at the moment of the German Emperor's visit to England, the editor admits two contrasted reports of his character, neither of which is decorously impartial: the one by an American, who saw Prince William of Prussia as a boy, and who extols him as a Young Cyrus; the other by a very bitter political enemy, who recites the worst aspersions on his conduct since his father's death. We regret the publication of such unworthy gossip in an English periodical at this particular time. The other articles are by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, in favour of the eight-hours limitation of labour; by Mr. Andrew Lang, on Renan's mythical theory of the books of Genesis and Exodus; by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who describes the project of a romantic expedition in search of treasure buried by pirates on a desolate island; and by the Duke of Marlborough, who now turns his attention to the apparatus of electric lighting.

*Blackwood's Magazine*.—The gloomy account of female prison life, which has occupied five monthly chapters of "Scenes from a Silent World," is here brought to a termination. A cruise performed by Mr. G. Christopher Davies and his wife, in a nine-ton sailing-boat, all over the Dutch water-ways and the Zuyder Zee, is pleasant to read of. "Lady Baby" seems drawing to the end. The Cuillins or Cuchullins, those tremendous walls of rock above Loch Coruisk, in Skye, are described by an enthusiastic visitor of that wild place. There is an Indian story, "The Planter's Bungalow," and some writing about politics and new books.

*Macmillan's Magazine*.—Mrs. Oliphant begins a fresh story, entitled "Kirsteen," but Mr. Clark Russell has not yet finished his "Marooned." Mr. Walter Pater's study, after Euripides, of the Greek classic drama of Hippolytus is finely elaborated, and is rather an interpretation than a criticism. Members of Wadham College many years ago, perhaps other old Oxonians too, may be interested in a memoir of Orlando Bridgman Hyman. Mr. D. G. Hogarth's description of Macedonia, one of the most valuable Greek provinces yet in bondage to Turkey, has some historical and topographical interest. Mrs. Brotherton's poem, "Chechina," is a pleasing Italian rustic idyl.

*Murray's Magazine*.—While English writers are too generally disposed to grudge any favourable mention of the present Government of the French nation, we are glad to see that President Carnot, an upright and modest citizen and an honourable gentleman, with his noble-minded father and his illustrious grandfather, obtain full justice in this magazine. "The Minister of Kindrach" is a racy tale of Scottish country life. Mr. Victor Morier relates his travels in the north of Siberia, from the Kara Sea up the river Obi. The railways of Scotland are being described by Mr. W. M. Acworth, who has so well described the English railways.

*Longman's Magazine*.—Further chapters of "The Bell of St. Paul's," as Mr. Walter Besant is the author, cannot fail to be piquant and pleasant; yet the main plot of this odd story does not, somehow or other, take a strong hold on our imaginative sympathies. Mr. Clement Indagine, the self-conscious aspirant to the fame of poetic genius, is rather too absurd when he goes to the Cheshire Cheese and other Fleet-street taverns formerly visited by literary men, expecting to find them all ready to hail him as the supreme bard of this age. Sport in Virginia, which is hunting opossums and racoons, the natural history of shrew-mice, adventures on the Pampas or plains of Buenos Ayres, and "Old College Days in Calcutta," are described in other articles; there are also two pieces of lively fiction, one by Mr. W. E. Norris, to be continued.

The contents of the following monthly magazines appear to be of fair average quality, but we have not space to enter into particulars concerning them: *The Cornhill, Time, The Gentleman's Magazine, Belgravia, The English Illustrated Magazine, The Argosy, Woman's World, Atalanta, East and West, Temple Bar, London Society, Tinsley's Magazine, The Theatre, Illustrated Naval and Military, Cassell's Magazine, Good Words, Leisure Hour, The Sun, The Season, and Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*, besides *The Century, Harper's Monthly, Scribner's, Lippincott's*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*, good American magazines.



claret"—privately directed to lurk in the street, until he saw a handkerchief fluttering at the window—had returned to the house; primed with his clever wife's instructions; ready and eager to be even with Mountjoy for the dinner at the inn.

(To be continued.)

The Council of Trinity College, Cambridge, have appointed Professor Hales to the Clark lectureship in English literature.

Viscount Valentia has been installed as Grand Master of Mark Masons for the province of Berks and Oxon, in succession to the Earl of Jersey, who resigned the office after holding it for ten years.

Mr. Herbert Lyon, who acted as assistant secretary to the Royal Commission on Education, has been appointed secretary to the Royal Commission on Mining Royalties, of which Lord Northbrook is chairman.

The second annual diocesan choral festival was held at Chester Cathedral on Aug. 1, when thirty-five choirs were present, representing nearly a thousand voices. Dr. Payne, Bishop of Chester, presided at a luncheon held previous to the festival, and in proposing "The Health of the Queen" mentioned as a curious fact that her Majesty was a prebendary of St. David's Cathedral. At the festival Dr. Bridge presided at the organ, and the Precentor, the Rev. E. H. Hylton Stewart, conducted. Stainer's fine anthem "Lord, Thou art God" was very effectively rendered, and the entire musical service was a great success.



## BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The proceedings of the first two days of this association were reported in our last Issue. On July 31, in brilliant weather, the members had a programme including the inspection of many of the famous churches of South Lincolnshire. Their first halt was at Haverholme Priory, the seat of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, where they inspected the monks' burial-ground and such scanty portions of the old buildings as are still preserved in the modern Tudor mansion. Mr. De Gray Birch commented on the contents of the library. They next drove to Ewarby, where their attention was drawn to the lofty tower and spire of St. Andrew's Church, its piscina and sedilia in the chancel, and its fine chantry chapel and monuments. Thence they proceeded to Heckington, where they halted. They noted the contrast of its plain interior and much-decorated exterior, and its fine Easter sepulchre, probably the most perfect specimen of the kind in England. The small church of St. Andrew, at Asgarby, partly Decorated and partly Perpendicular, with its huge tower and crocheted spire, and the Norman church of St. Denis, at Kirkby Laythorpe, with its circular columns and doorway, and its painted glass of the Edwardian era, were next inspected, and in all of these churches the Bishop of Nottingham acted as interpreter. The party reached Sleaford by noon, and lunched at the Bristol Arms. After luncheon the Bishop of Nottingham again became their guide, and led the way to the old parish church. This edifice, he said, was dedicated to St. Denis, and showed work of all styles, from the Norman downwards. From the church they passed, under Bishop Trollope's guidance, to the castle. Here he gave a brief history of the structure, which is a parallelogram with square towers at the angles, and with a drawbridge, barbican, and keep in a more or less perfect condition. Here King John halted to take refuge after the loss of his army and his baggage in crossing the Wash in 1215, just before his death at Swineshead Abbey. The building went sadly to ruin during the Civil Wars and under the later Stuarts, but considerable portions, since destroyed, were standing for twenty years into the eighteenth century. Before leaving the town the party had their attention drawn to some ancient specimens of domestic architecture in the streets, and to the Black Bull Inn, one of the oldest of Lincolnshire hostleries. The return journey to Lincoln was made early in the evening; and after dinner several papers of interest were read to the meeting which followed at the rooms in the School of Science and Art.

On Aug. 1 the archæologists paid a visit to the ancient town of Boston and to Tattershall Tower and Church. Immediately on reaching Boston, about noon, they were met by one or two local antiquaries, by whom they were conducted to the Town-hall and the parish church of St. Botolph, an early Saxon saint, who is thought to have given his name to the town, originally Botolph's Town. The tower (or stump, as it is called) of Boston Church, with its octagonal lantern, is a conspicuous landmark to all travellers in these parts by land and by sea, rising as it does above the level fens to a height not far short of 300 ft. The archæologists were shown over the interior of the church, and were much struck by the long range of the clerestory windows on either side and the fine timber roof, and by the quaintly carved stalls and miserere seats in the chancel. They were told that in the Middle Ages the town contained not only another church almost equally fine, dedicated to St. John, but also no less than nine monasteries and convents. Almost all traces, however, of both the one and the other have disappeared. The town was destroyed by the Danes in 869, and, as no mention is made of Boston in Domesday Book, in all probability the destruction was entire. Our Plantagenet Kings, however, revived it, by granting it charters and privileges, its chief benefactors being King John, Henry III., and Edward I. Early in the reign of Edward II. a staple for the sale of wool and other merchandise was set up here, and some merchants who were members of the Hanseatic League having settled here, and the harbour being deepened by order of the King, the town rose again into importance, and till quite recently returned two members to Parliament. The Mayor's insignia and the civic maces and charters having been shown and commented on, a visit was paid by the members to the Hussey Tower, which, they were told, was erected by a Lord Hussey of the time of Henry VIII., who suffered under the axe of the executioner at Lincoln because he had joined with Lord Darcy and others in an uprising on behalf of the Papacy. Other places visited more or less hastily were the grammar school and the old warehouses in Spain-lane. The party, having lunched at the Peacock, returned by train as far as Tattershall, where they viewed, under the Rector's guidance, the fine cruciform church, which must have been "glorious within." Till its windows of rich painted glass were carried off to Burlington by a Lord Exeter towards the end of the eighteenth century. In this church lie buried several members of the Cromwell family, one of whom, the Lord Treasurer Cromwell, in 1440 built the fine castle or tower of Tattershall, very near the church. The tower still stands almost entire, forming a conspicuous ornament of the level fens by which it is surrounded, its red-brick walls reminding the traveller of Leighs Priory, Essex, and St. Botolph's Priory at Colchester. The tower suffered considerably in the Civil Wars, but it is still partly habitable. It belongs to Lord Fortescue, in right of his descent from the Clinton family. The party returned to Lincoln in time for dinner, after which they adjourned to the School of Science and Art, in Monk's-lane, where Precentor Venables read a paper on his favourite subject, "Lincoln," which was followed by a short discussion.

Aug. 2 was a long and busy day with the archæologists, who went by an early train to Newark-on-Trent, where they were received by Dr. Trollope, the Bishop of Nottingham, who conducted them over the castle and the parish church, and afterwards took them to inspect the old houses in the Market-place. At the castle, Mr. Loftus Brock acted as interpreter. He pointed out the Norman and the post-Norman portions of the structure, which, he said, under our Plantagenet Kings must have been rather a palace than a castle, as would appear from its having two dining-halls, one above the other. In the church Bishop Trollope pointed out the elaborate carving of the rood loft and screen, and the misereres in the chancel. A little before one o'clock the party sat down in the Townhall, where they were entertained at luncheon by the Mayor and Corporation of Newark, whose health and that of the Bishop of Nottingham were drunk. In another room the regalia of the Corporation, the mace, sword, chain, drinking-bowls, and loving-cup were exhibited on a table. At two o'clock the party went on by railway to Southwell, where they inspected the old minster—now a cathedral—and the old palace; the Bishop of Nottingham again acting as their guide. He gave the party a short account of this singularly interesting Norman structure, and commented at length on its curious triforium and clerestory, its elegant Early English chancel, and its beautiful chapter-house—a miniature of that at York, to which Archbishopscopel see the minister of Southwell had always been

an appendage. He also drew attention to the beautiful alabaster tomb of Bishop Sandes, and afterwards showed them over the old palace. The return journey was made somewhat late in the evening; and, instead of reading papers at the rooms of the Art and Science Association, the visitors were entertained at a conversazione in the County Assembly Rooms by the Sheriff of the city and Mrs. Whitton.

The members visited Gainsborough on the 3rd. In its immediate neighbourhood, on the east bank of the Trent, are the remains of some intrenchments of an early date, known as the Castle hills. These and the bridge across the Trent were pointed out to the visitors, who also inspected the church and the old hall or palace. From Gainsborough the party drove in carriages to Stow St. Mary, where, under the guidance of Mr. Loftus Brock, they inspected the old Saxon edifice which is known to have been the temporary home and seat of the bishops of the diocese after they left Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, and before they were finally settled at Lincoln. From Stow they drove to another church, at Coates, in order to inspect a fine and fairly perfect rood loft. From Coates they proceeded to Stow Park, whence the return journey was made to Lincoln by train. In the evening the party, to the number of about eighty, dined at the White Hart Hotel, Lord Winchilsea, the president, taking the chair.

This completed the programme of the first half of the congress; but the 5th, 6th, and 7th were added as three "extra days," and an attractive programme was arranged for each day.

## AIR-CASTLES.

No massive feudal strongholds these, with donjon, rampart, portcullis, and encircling moat, designed to withstand the attack of every foe, even of that bitterest and most persistent, *Tempus edax rerum*; but the unsubstantial creations of the fertile brain—unsubstantial, intangible, and impalpable as the spirits which the old magicians evoked by spell and cabala. 'Tis one of God's greatest gifts to man, I think, this power of rearing castles in the air; for it supplies him with a resource and a relief in the days of adversity and tribulation, when the winds blow chilly, and the dead leaves fall at the wanderer's feet, as well as with a lofty pleasure in those brighter seasons when birdssing in the green boughs and sunshine fills the happy earth. A gift universal—denied to none—as free to Lazarus as to Dives, nay, enjoyed in ampler proportions, perhaps, by the former than the latter, since he who has so many good things on the earth needs the fewer in the air! Denied to none—as free to the young as to the old—but exercised in greater measure by the young, whose minds are more active, whose invention is freer, who have the wider space and the fuller time before them. As for old age, it inclines to wander among the temples and tombs of the past, and rather to muse on those radiant fabrics of the earlier years, with the story of which it is familiar, than to raise fresh structures, in the disappointing knowledge that it will never be able to trace their fortunes.

By virtue of this building of air-castles every man is more or less a poet. He may have no power of expression, no faculty of clothing his creations in immortal verse, no skill in sifting or defining them; he may experience, and painfully struggle with, a difficulty in shaping them distinctly to his own obscured and imperfect sense; but, in so far as he escapes by their means out of his everyday material Self, and gives free course to an aspiring fancy, he goes on all-fours with the poets. He hears a voice, he sees a beckoning hand. He is transported into a region which is not of this world. He has his ideal; fair things gather round him; his vision is dazzled by the sheen of towers and battlements that seem of gold but are as luminous as a sunbeam; rainbow glories stream across his field of sight: he is a poet. We are all of us poets to this extent, and live and have our being in a world of poetry, thronged with air-castles. What is "the honour of the flag," for which men are willing to shed their blood, but a castle in the air? What is the symbol of royalty? What is that laurel crown of fame which has stimulated so much high effort and noble sacrifice? And those systems of philosophy, those schemes for the regeneration of humanity? The world is as a temple, hung with "emblems, pictures, and commandments" which men have invented for themselves—air-castles of their own building—poetic and beautiful ideals—or, sometimes, pitiful delusions.

Then the lover—heavens! what dazzling castles spring out of his enraptured thoughts, gorgeous as those cloud-towers and pinnacles and cathedral spires, rich in amethyst and chrysoprase, with which the autumn sunset loads the quivering horizon! Give him but a quiet corner, give him but one hour of solitude and silence, and he will construct such "palaces imperial" as never Vitruvius or Palladio dreamed of, their "marble halls" haunted by a single form, their curtained walls glowing with mirrors which reflect but one sweet, surpassing face—

To his eye

There is but one beloved face on earth,  
And that is shining on him.

These are the brightest, airiest edifices imaginable—all gold and silver and precious stones, so to speak; all in the noon and the sunshine, with an unclouded heaven above and a whisper of palm-trees near at hand, and a sound as of rising and falling fountains. If never before or afterwards the poetic spirit kindles in the bosom of youth and maid, at least in the dawn of their first passion they are poets. Their delighted fancy converts the world into a garden, tenanted only by happy pairs of lovers. They dream long dreams in which nothing sorrowful or mean intrudes. They see the earth in a magical light which it never wore before, and will never wear again, except for lovers like themselves. They find a hitherto unperceived beauty in the trees and flowers, as they look at them with each other's eyes. The woods have a music for them now which previously had passed unheard. Their quickened insight discerns the gilded galleys floating bravely on the ridgy sea, and their ears catch the strains of the sea-nymphs dancing on the shore. A hundred new meanings are found in the flowers. The lover takes from his mistress's bosom a violet, and, for the first time, becomes aware of all its tenderness. She drops a rose, half-crushed, half-faded; but he picks it up as if it were a diamond, and lays it next his heart, and dreams over its drooping petals as he sits alone, until the fine fragrance which her fingers have lent to it warms his brain, and, gazing at the stars, he crowds the deep-blue night with air-castles of the rarest architecture, touched with the purple bloom of love.

As for the poet, the singer, the actor, the most splendid of air-castles make his most perfect poems. He is most successful when he realises them the most completely; when he puts before us the exquisite ideal fabrics of his imagination with the truest and firmest grasp—clothed in rare colours, in "diamond gleams and golden glows." Ah, me! Who can conceive the number and the charm of those air-castles which the genius of Shakspeare must have constructed in his "sessions of sweet silent thought"? Or the fairy dreams which fluttered across the quick imagination of Spenser? Or those austere and sombre ideas which rose, circle beyond circle, in the

mind of Dante as he planned the depth and breadth of his "Inferno"? Or those gleams and glimpses of enchanted spheres which dazzled the spirit of Shelley? Or the "many pleasures that to the vision started," the "things of beauty" that were such joys to the rich fancy of Keats?—"Glories infinite" which, as Keats himself expresses it, haunt the poet until they become "a cheering light" to his soul, and are bound to him so fast that, "whether there be shine or gloom o'ercast," they must be with him always and be always his, or he would perish.

How much poorer were the world but for these "millions of strange shadows," these thickly planted air-castles, which the great poets have built for the instruction and enjoyment of mankind! One could better have spared the extension of the franchise, the poor-law system, and the two-and-three-quarter per cents, even the revised tariff and the penny newspaper—excellent as these are in their way—than Shakspeare's "Tempest" or Spenser's "Faery Queene" or Milton's "Samson Agonistes." To the political economist this will sound like flat heresy; but political economy, without the sweet breath of poetry to purify and attempt it, would make the world a desert. Man cannot live on bread alone, however deftly the legislator and the administrator may serve it up to him. Prisons and workhouses, penitentiaries and bastilles, are necessary evils, perhaps, in the present condition of society, and, I suppose, will long continue to be so—more's the pity of it!—but we want also, God knows! a good many "castles in the air" to relieve the aching eye and heart, when weary with these melancholy spectacles. For my part, I can never look upon the "County Jail" or "the Union" without keenly feeling what a terrible satire it is upon the futility of so much of our human effort! I think it is well for us that we can turn from such dark places of civilisation to those golden palace-towers and forms of grace and loveliness which abound in the imaginary world of the poets. There is this special good in it, that it reminds us of "the immortality of our essence"—of our capability of better and purer things than the gauds of wealth, the baubles of ambition, the straws and rattles of fashion. It is to the poet we look, even more than to the theologian, to keep alive in us the sense of our divine begetting—to cherish in us the conviction of a life to come. To him everything belongs, and through him we are made partakers of everything. For, as the essayist puts it, "wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly—wherever day and night meet in twilight—wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars—wherever are forms with transparent boundaries—wherever are outlets into celestial space"—there the poet constructs his beautiful air-castles; and of these, so far as he can, he makes us free. And thence "flows all that charms, or ear or sight," that lifts us above ourselves and sets us in communion with the gods!

It is strange to see how swiftly our castles in the air are called into existence; how rapidly they take to themselves a certain form and outline. A tone of the voice, a glance of the eye, a touch of the hand is enough, with some of us, to throw us into an ecstasy in which these airy brightnesses, these splendid exhalations, start one after the other, all suddenly, into a manifold being! Or it may be a fleecy cloud drifting slowly across the crimsoned heaven, or a dropped blossom, or the cadence of a bird's song, or the murmur of a brook, the rustling of a bough, the fall of an autumnal leaf, the sunshine broken in the rill—each is spell sufficient to set the imagination—that restless architect!—at work. And, when once it begins the delightful task, 'tis no easy matter to restrain its joyous activity. One air-castle succeeds another, until the dazzling succession stretches away in almost interminable perspective, like a vista of mountain peaks seen from some lofty summit in the Highlands. I have known a chance sentence in a story-book, a line in an old ballad, a phrase in Sir Thomas Browne or Montaigne, to loosen the wings of fancy and send it careering through regions of light and realms of air. Longfellow reads in the Talmud the marvellous legend of Sandalphon, and straightway sees the gates of the City Celestial and the ladder of light crowded with angels innumerable. Lord Chatham turns over a page of Bailey's Dictionary, and some one word kindles in his brain the thoughts that breathe, the glowing images of fire and passion. So it is with all of us. The boy takes up the romance of "Robinson Crusoe," and quickly upon his mind come pictures of far-off islands—poems of the sea—a phantasmagoria of cocoa-nut groves and surf-beaten shores, of stretches of purple waters of fleets of canoes crowded with dusky warriors. Or a chapter of Froissart will awaken the remembrance of many a tale of chivalry, until our imagination is all astir with glittering cavalades and bannered processions, knights on their destriers, ladies on their ambling palfreys, nodding plumes, shining spears, and minstrels chanting rhymes of love and adventure. Thus readily do we build up our air-castles, losing ourselves in the luminous spaces of an ideal world.

The rigid moralist and the sour cynic agree in condemning this aerial architecture as "silly sooth." What comes of it all? they ask us. With the stern necessities of everyday life pressing upon you, why expend time and thought on airy nothings? The air hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them. I have already suggested one or two reasons why we should not condemn them as unprofitable; but to the questions thus definitely put I would answer that out of these "airy nothings" have come all that is best and brightest in our human achievement. The reforms of the statesman, the systems of the philosopher, the good deeds of the philanthropist are, at first, air-castles, which seem as if they would never attain to a local habitation—as if they would never become realities. The world laughs at the Utopias which, in the course of time, it accepts as familiar facts. The polished Roman gentleman of the earlier Empire, if he knew anything at all of the teaching of the "pale Galilean" and His Apostles, derided it, we may be sure, as visionary and chimerical: "Sermons on the Mount," and the like, what were they but "air-castles" to his keen intellectual criticism? There are many "ideas" floating about to-day, ridiculed by men of sense, wept over by pessimists—air-castles, all of them!—dreams of a purified humanity, of a regenerated social state, of a universal commonwealth in which every man's conduct shall be regulated by the canons of truth, justice, and love, which, who knows? may some day undergo an actual development. Necessarily, it is the loftier minds that build the most—and the purest and grandest—of these splendid fabrics, which, unsubstantial as they seem, have nevertheless an element of permanency in them; so that, long outlasting their builders, they flourish in monumental pomp, to the advantage of successive generations. This cannot be said, 'tis true, of the vague trivial castles which owe their creation to the passing impulses of ordinary minds; but even these, I repeat, have their excellent uses, directing our thoughts and aims towards the worthier objects, and purging our nature of its grosser elements. Sorry am I for men or women who in moments of leisure cannot or will not construct these delightful phantom-fabrics of the clouds, which, like the Temple of Jerusalem, rise without sound of "hammers and ponderous axes," noiselessly, "like a palm"—our air-castles! O. Y.





THE ROYAL YACHT, WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON BOARD VISITING SHIPS OF THE BRITISH FLEET, SUNDAY, AUGUST 4.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## ELEPHANTS.

There is no more pleasant spot in London, I think, than the Zoo'. Within its portals you find "amusement combined with instruction," as the Polytechnic lecturer used to say of the diving-bell, and with this advantage—that you revel in the open air and in the beauties of the gardens while you contemplate the higher animal world at your leisure. To-day the elephants have been busily engaged in conveying hither and thither their loads of children and nursemaids. There has been much shrieking and laughter as Mary or Jane has found herself for the first time in her life on the back of the big pachyderm. Yells of delight escape from the children as the huge beast moves along in its lop-sided career, and the occupants of the howdah look down on the camel-riders with supreme disdain from their lofty perch. Somehow the elephant always raises in my mind feelings of intense respect. There is, first of all, his huge bulk. With a swing of his trunk or a touch of his foot he could annihilate you: yet he forbears, is a good-tempered beast, and plods on, grateful for the fragments of buns and other comestibles, without a thought of other than friendly nature to the crowds around. Then he is a wise and sagacious animal withal. His brain-powers are wonderfully acute, and he is given to exhibiting wondrous tact when occasion demands. And, finally, he is a respectful and obedient beast. He knows and esteems his keeper, and a touch is sufficient to guide him in the way wherein he should go. Altogether, then, though one may have a natural *penchant* for the monkey-house, the elephant claims my highest respect. He is at once the impersonation of strength and docility.

The elephant family is not a large one. Like certain aristocratic stocks among ourselves, the elephants claim a long pedigree, even if they are not numerically strong at the present time. There are but two distinct species of these animals in existence. That one with the small ears and the concave brow is the Indian form; the other, with the big, flapping ears and the convex forehead, is the African representative of the family. There are other little family features, which serve as additional points of distinction between the Oriental and the Ethiopian elephants. For instance, our African friend has tusks in both sexes, while the Indian species has, as a rule, tusks in the male sex alone. Occasionally, an old Indian drowager will develop tusks; but this is rather an unkind "sport" or freak on the part of elephantine nature in India than a natural and normal occurrence. Then, also, the teeth are different—and by "teeth" I mean the great back teeth or molars. In the Indian elephant these teeth show us a series of cross-ridges when we look at their crowns, while in the African elephant the pattern is lozenge-shaped. Then as to the hoofs, or nails, we must note how the family characters vary. All elephants rejoice in the respectable number of five toes; but in the Indian species the hind feet have only four nails, or hoofs. The African race, on the other hand, possesses three hoofs on the hind feet, and four on the front ones. It is true that some naturalists have argued for the existence of more than two distinct kinds of elephants. The Ceylon animal and that of Sumatra have been regarded as presenting us with special branches or species of the elephantine race. But it is more than probable these latter are only varieties of the Indian species, and as for the white elephants, they are simply albinos. The want of distinct colour stamps them as peculiar, and local mysticism has elevated them to the rank of sacred animals. It is no more surprising that white elephants should occasionally be born than to find white mice, white cats, white crows, or that orthographical and Hibernian anomaly, a white blackbird.

The tapir makes but a poor approach to the proboscis or long nose which is, literally, the most prominent feature in the elephant's outward anatomy; and, with the exception of a long-nosed monkey, it is impossible to point to any animals in which the nasal arrangements partake of the characteristic development we see in the elephantine race. As for tusks, they are not such rarities in the world of animal life. The pig may develop tusks of very respectable size, and that strange animal the babyrussa hog shows us teeth which curve spirally outside its jaws. But one may find points of special interest even in the tusks of our big friends. In the elephant's mouth only two kinds of teeth are developed. These are the front ones, or incisors, and the back teeth, or molars. A tooth, ordinarily speaking, has a relatively short life of it. When it gets old, its roots become absorbed—imitating thus the natural mode of disappearance of the first set—and it falls out. But in some cases the tooth is found to be provided with a permanent root, which goes on growing throughout the life of the animal and produces new tooth-material perpetually. This is the state of matters in the front teeth of the rats, squirrels, porcupines, beavers, and other rodents, and it is a precisely similar arrangement which begets our elephant's tusks. Two of the elephant's incisor teeth thus grow to a large size. I suppose a big pair of tusks will weigh from 150 to 200 lb., and afford huge masses of ivory, or *dentine*, as scientists term the tooth-substance. The back teeth of the elephant are peculiar also in their way. It seems that those teeth grow on each side of the jaw to the number of six. But there is not room in the jaw for more than two teeth on each side at a time. Therefore, we find a curious succession of teeth taking place in elephants, whereby the old teeth are worn away from behind forwards, so that the new molars, developed at the back of the jaw, come to fill up the places of their predecessors. Very interesting, also, is the structure of these big teeth. Each is a compound affair. It is built up of plates of ivory, or dentine, covered with enamel, while between the plates are layers of cement; this last, a substance seen on our own teeth-roots. When the tooth wears, the enamel, which lasts longer than the cement, projects above the latter, and thus we find developed the peculiar patterns or markings I have already alluded to as existing in the Indian and African species.

Everybody has tales to tell of the sagacity of elephants. May I relate a true story of an elephant, the details of which I verified some few years ago? An elephant attached to Wombwell's menagerie was treated in Gloucestershire by a druggist for internal spasm. The animal recovered and duly departed from the town. This was in 1874. But in 1879, when the druggist stood at his shop door to watch the menagerie again enter the town, the elephant crossed the street, advanced to the man of drugs, placed her trunk in his hand, and grunted agreeably to show her remembrance of past kindness. At night, in visiting the menagerie, the elephant drew the druggist's attention to her side, to which a blister had been applied five years before. In 1881 the elephant again entered the town. Recognising her chemist friend in the audience, she lifted him gently off the ground by means of her trunk, and drew his attention to one of her forelegs. The keeper explained that the limb had been lanced by a veterinary surgeon, and that apparently she was comparing notes of the difference between the gentler blister of her friend and the procedure of the surgeon. It is not often that services are so long and gratefully remembered, either by quadrupeds or by "the paragon of animals" himself.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

T B ROWLAND (Dublin).—We insert your contribution with pleasure, and shall be always glad to look at other games. (2) We have done as you desire. (3) Yes. The column in *Ladies' Treasury* is under the editorship of Mr. F. Healey.

W HAMPTON, JUX.—Many thanks for your kindness, which would be otherwise acknowledged if we had your address. Please send it.

D MACKAY (Islington).—Your three-mover is a good one, and shall be published if correct. The four-mover is a little hackneyed, but is under consideration.

CAPT J A CHALLICE, R.N. (London).—We are pleased to receive solutions at any time from so old a correspondent.

FR FERNANDO (Dublin).—The key-move is enough in two-move problems, but in others the variations ought to be given. A problem is not really solved till all defences are proved inadequate.

ADOLPHUS DE VASCONCELES (Ariers).—Steinitz lives in New York, Blackburne in London: is the other master mentioned is dead.

JULIA SHORT and OTHERS.—In Problem No. 2364.—If 1. P queens, B to Q 4th is the defence, and there is no mate next move.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2361** received from E O Gorman, O J Gibbs, and J. A Challice; of No. 2362 from F F N, O J Gibbs, and Isomony; of No. 2363 from J. A Challice, F Payne, Bernard Reynolds, Hereward, R M Barclay, John T. Pullen, O J Gibbs, and Rev. Winfield Cooper.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2364** received from Nigel, Columbus, Bingham, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), E E H, Martin F, W F Payne, Jupiter Junior, Dawn, W R Raimle, J Coad, A Newman, H S B (Bcn Rhidding), T G (Ware), Bernard Reynolds, Edward O Gorman, Fred Mackie, J Hull, W Wright, T Chown, F Hammel, W E Green, M D, Fr Fernando, N Harris, D F N, W Bound, R Worters (Canterbury), E London, W M Brooke, Rev. Winfield Cooper, John Indson, G J Seale, J. A Challice, R. E. (Liverpool), F Payne, Bernard Reynolds, R F N Banks, T Roberts, Smith, Gorth, C B, Brutus, Joseph T Pullen, D Mackay, John H Vickers, D McCony (Gaiway), S B Talantyre, J D Tucker (Leeds), E Howell, R H Brooks, O J Gibbs, J S Thake, Rev J Morgan, E Casella (Paris), W J Monk, and Howard A.

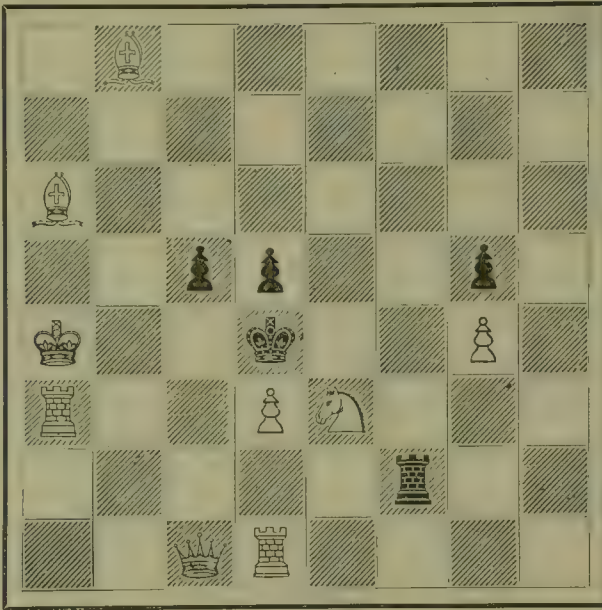
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2362.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to B sq	K moves
2. R to K 3rd	K moves
3. B to K 7th	Any move
4. Mates accordingly.	

## PROBLEM No. 2366.

By JAMES PIERCE, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE BRESLAU TOURNEY.

Game played between Messrs. BURN and MASON.  
(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	with which to turn the scale in his favour later on. If Black had now played	B takes Kt he might have fought the ending with a Kt against a Bishop, which is usually considered preferable.
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. Kt to K sq	Kt to K 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. P to K B 3rd	B to R 4th
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	18. B to B 4th	Kt to B 5th
5. Castles	Castles	19. Kt to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	A move with more appearance than effect, his Kt being <i>en prise</i> .	
7. B to K Kt 5th		20. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
B takes Kt would give Black an advan- tage; but Kt to K 2nd to be first in the field with P to Q B 3rd seems worth notice.		21. P to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
7.	B takes Kt	22. P to B 4th	P takes P
8. P takes B	Kt to K 2nd	23. R takes P	B to Kt 3rd
9. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	24. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th
10. B to B 4th	Kt to K sq	25. B to Q 3rd	B takes B
11. P to Q 4th	Q to Q B 2nd	The game is now drawn. Though per- haps a little dull, it is a perfect study in the sort of strategy that is inspired by respect for your adversary.	
12. B takes Kt		26. P takes B	Q R to K sq
This capture serves to give the Black Queen a freer field of action.		27. Q to K B 2nd	R to K 3rd
12.	Q takes B	28. R (K 3rd) to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd
13. Q R to K sq	B to K 3rd	Drawn Game.	
14. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
15. R to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 2nd		
The position is one in which each seeks to gain some trifling advantage			

Game played between Messrs. SCHALLOPP and HARMONIST.

(Scotch Gambit.)			
WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
2 Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Kt 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	12. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 4th
4. B to B 4th		13. P to Kt 5th	
The balance of recent analysis favours Kt takes P.		The advance of these Pawns completes his opponent's discomfiture.	
4. B to B 4th		13. Kt to K 4th	
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	14. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
6. P to B 3rd	P takes P	15. Q takes P (ch)	B to K 3rd
		16. B to R 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
A very doubtful continuation, B to Kt 5th is commended by the authorities; but Kt to B 3rd seems even better.		In the vain hope of casting Q R. Considering there is only one piece off each side, Black presents a condition of helplessness rarely seen in first-class play. He can do literally nothing to save himself.	
7. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	17. Q R to Q sq	Q to B sq
Q to B 3rd is the correct move. Black skilfully devotes his defence to the assistance of the enemy.		18. Q takes Kt	Resigns
8. Kt takes P	P to K R 3rd	A very pretty ending. White has played a good game throughout.	
9. Kt to Q 5th			
Practically determining the game.			
9. Q to Q sq			

The following unpublished game was played between DELTA and the late  
Herr HARRWITZ in 1852.  
(King's Gambit Declined.)

1. WHITE (Delta)	2. BLACK (Mr. H.)	3. WHITE (Delta)	4. BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	A lost move, as it is clear he can no	take the Kt. K to R4 at once is better.
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	11.	P to K R 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	12. K to R sq	P to K B 4th
4. P to Q 4th		13. P takes P	Kt takes P
This is not a good move. P to Q B 3rd or B to Q B 4th is usually played.		<i>(en passant)</i>	
4.	P takes P	14. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 6th
5. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. R to K sq	B to Q 2nd
6. P to Q R 3rd		16. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles (Q R)
Castling at once seems preferable. There is no danger to be apprehended from Kt to Kt 5th, and very little result from playing the Pawns forward on the Queen's side.		17. Kt to B 4th	B to B 4th
6.	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Kt takes K	P takes Kt
7. Castles	Kt to K Kt 5th	19. Q R to Q Kt sq	Q R to K Kt sq
8. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd	20. B to B sq	P to K B 3rd
9. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	21. B takes P	B takes B
10. P to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th	22. Q takes B	P to K Kt 4th
11. P to K R 3rd		23. P to B 5th	P to Kt 5th
		24. Kt to R 4th	P takes P
		25. P takes P	
The game has been steadily played, and there is now an equally balanced position which can only end in a draw.			

In view of the forthcoming publication of the "Chess-Players' Annual and Club Directory for 1890," the editors invite hon. secretaries to furnish them with full particulars of their various associations at the earliest possible date. The details specially wanted are—town, club name, year established, place, days, and hour of meeting, membership, subscription, presidents and hon. secretaries' names and addresses. Address, T. J. Rowland, Esq., 9, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin.

## UNDISCOVERED COUNTRIES.

I know of no midsummer dreams more pleasurable than those which thickly throng upon the fancy, when, in the quiet of our library, we turn over the leaves of the "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum" of the learned Ortelius, or muse upon some precious copy of the map originally prefixed to the first edition of "Hakluyt's Voyages," or upon that of Nicolaus Sanson, the famous geographer of the seventeenth century, or upon one or other of the five-score maps which De Lisle so carefully designed, and, while tracing the bounds of the then known world, take note of the large blank spaces lettered significantly "Terra incognita." It is upon these blank spaces that I love to dwell. How full of suggestion to the fertile imagination must they have been in the happy days when human enterprise had still before it such wide fields of labour! A More might plant in one his "Utopia"; a Mademoiselle De Scudéri might place in another her "Pays de Tendre." There was room, and to spare, for Prospero's enchanted region, and Bacon's "New Atlantis"; for Cathays innumerable, for lands of gold and Hesperides uncounted. The poet, without doing violence to his reader's sense of the probabilities, might allot to his hero the widest conceivable dominion, and build for him the stateliest and most opulent cities, with marble colonnades through which the warm winds flowed, and the azure ether shone, "and the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen." "Brave kingdoms," like Stephano's, were there to be had for the asking; strange isles, full of "noises, sounds, and sweet airs, with a thousand twanging instruments"; and if the traveller returned with wild stories of "antres vast and deserts idle, Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touched heaven," who should gainsay him? There was "ample room and verge enough" for travellers' tales.

But the world is now paralleled out with a topographer's particularity, and our maps have long since ceased to gape with those delicious voids which the mind seized upon so readily and made its own. I declare to you that the seas are now so exactly defined that it would be more than one's character is worth to jot down a Robinson Crusoe's island or invent a new Estotiland. One would immediately be detected and exposed. One would be asked for the latitude and longitude, and then, from the latest chart, it would triumphantly be proved that the said latitude and longitude were already occupied. But it so happens that there are other "undiscovered countries," which will exist for human speculation and perplexity as long as the world endures. One may not believe, with the cynic, that in every man lurks some thing or thought so evil, some wickedness so monstrous, that if 'twere revealed even his nearest and dearest would learn to hate him—and yet be prepared to admit that the wife of one's bosom has her ideas, sensibilities, feelings, wishes, which one does not share, and perhaps hardly imagines; that the nature of one's oldest and truest friend is an "undiscovered country," which probably one will never wholly or in part explore. Each of us has somewhere, in his mind or heart, a *terra incognita*, inaccessible to those about him. As George Eliot says, "There is a great deal of unmapped country within us." It may not always be—nay, I think it seldom is—the worst part of oneself that is thus hidden from others; it may be that which, if known, would command their admiration more certainly and fix their regard more strongly; but one fails, for various reasons, to give expression to it; and they fail, perchance from want of sympathy, to detect it. We may rest assured that there was something in Sir Philip Sidney which even the quick and loving eye of Fulke Greville never lighted upon; that there was much in Shakspeare which even his most intimate associates never dreamed of. In the case of a man of genius we sometimes get hints of these "undiscovered countries" in his writings or actions; but we lack the insight, the faculty of vision, which would enable us to profit by them; and the loftier and purer side of his intellect or character remains for us always a *terra incognita*. There are signs on the surface which tell of rich veins of gold, but we need the divining power to follow them up. This should surely render us considerate in our judgments of our fellows. There may be—in the meanest—some "undiscovered country," some goodness of motive, some occasional impulse making towards righteousness, which, though hidden from us, may be clear enough to the Divine Love and Wisdom.

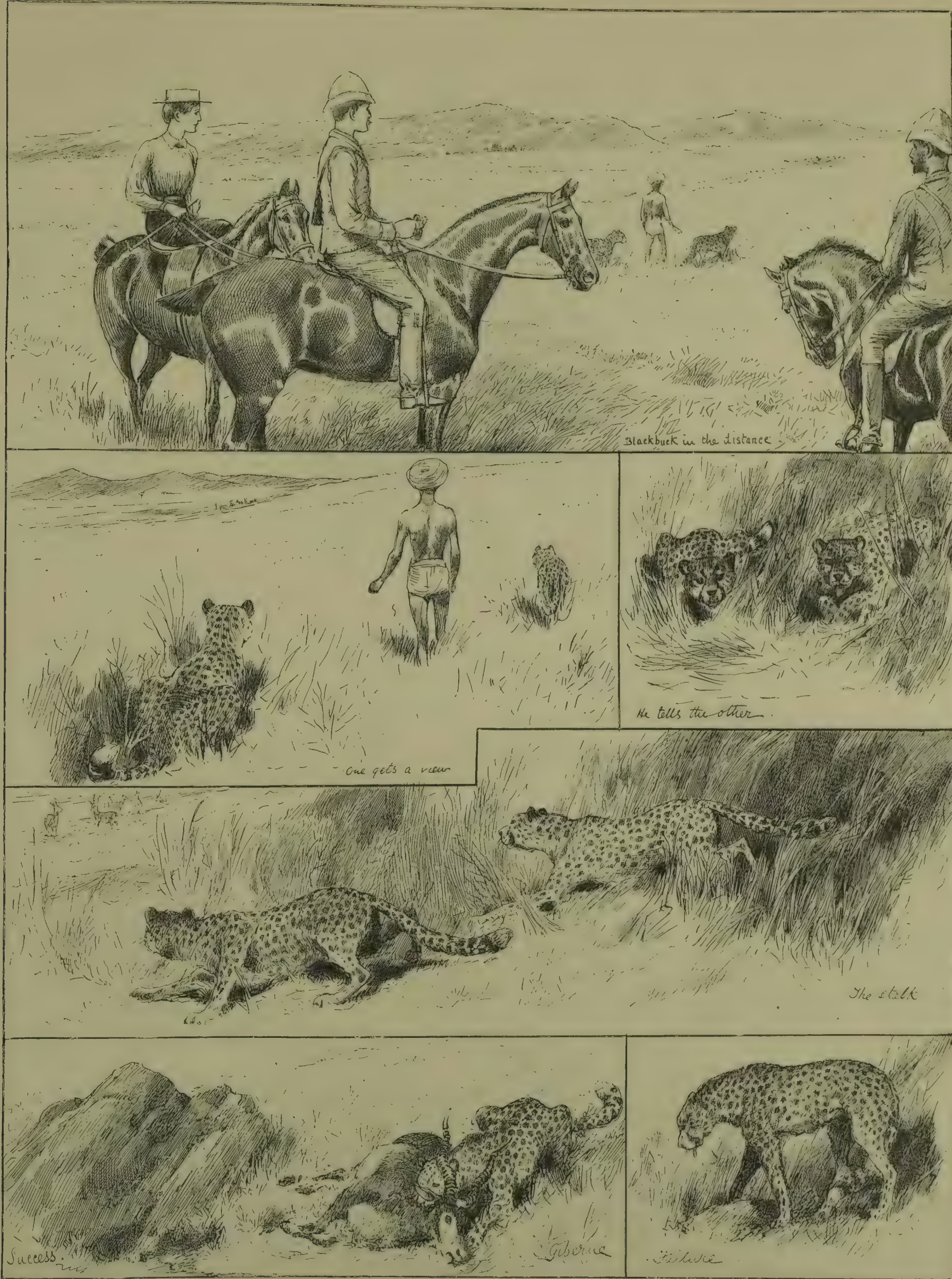
Then, again, there are those "undiscovered countries" towards which each of us reaches his unavailing hands—the dreams we have never realised, the hopes we have never fulfilled, the ambitions we have never satisfied. We grope about blindly, conscious that we have not found the key which would open the golden gates; the clue that would lead us to the goal of which we are in search. We find ourselves fettered by circumstance that we cannot plunge blithely into the freedom of our will and wishes. We have a sense of some capacities in us that have never been developed; and hence it happens that in the map of our lives yawns a dreary gap—a *terra incognita*—which we have neither the time nor the opportunity to fill up. I once knew a man with a strong taste and talent for chemical science; but his social duties so hampered him that he never found the means of cultivating his life's ideal. It was pitiful to hear him promising himself that by-and-by he would give up the work he disliked, but to which he was bound, and employ a happy leisure in the pursuits of the laboratory. It was not to be; and he died without setting foot within the "undiscovered country," the "Dorado" to which his aspirations had ever pointed. For some of us, poetry is the *terra incognita*; for others, art; and for not a few, love. Then, again, genius comes in with its confession of inadequate effort. It has not done all it could or all it might have done, had it not been for some mysterious restraining power. "Les plus grands ouvrages de l'esprit," says Vauvenargues, "sont très assurément les moins parfaits." So Dante and Shakspeare and all the master-minds look with wistful gaze upon the "undiscovered countries"—the regions of perfection—which seem within their reach, and yet continuously recede from them. How ever much they may have said of truth and beauty, of wisdom and knowledge, each still mourns over "a most voiceless thought," which he is forced to keep "sheathed like a sword." With lesser men it is the same, though in a less degree. A Archbishop Trench puts it—

When thou art fain to trace a map of thine own heart,  
As undiscovered land set down the largest part.

The old teaching "Know Thyself" is still the teaching that one is least able to fall in with. Life is so short and the human heart so vast! To know one self! How is so intricate a science to be mastered? If one cannot get at the whole of one's friend; if one cannot plumb the depths and measure the breadths of the thought, passion, sentiment of one's wife, with all one's opportunities of deliberate judgment, how is one to sound the mysteries of one's own nature—to tear the veil from Isis—when one has neither the leisure, the power, nor the will? No; in ourselves as in others, lie great tracts which must remain unexplored. And one cannot but venture on the hope that hereafter—in the endless succession of the ages—it may be given to us to crite upon and possess those regions of intellect, feeling, imagination, and affection which as yet, like the empty spaces of old maps, are—"Undiscovered Countries."

W. H. D.-A.





HUNTING WITH CHEETAHS AT DHAR, CENTRAL INDIA.

The following account of hunting with tame leopards, of the species called the cheetah, at Dhar, in Central India, is contributed, with an illustration, by Colonel Ward Bennett: "We were staying with the Maharajah of Dhar, and one day he said we should see a cheetah-hunt; so we started on horseback about four o'clock in the afternoon. The cheetahs looked lovely, and seemed quite tame, following the shikaris like dogs. We went about five miles over very bad ground, and it was exceedingly hot. At last, to our delight, we saw a herd of deer about a mile off, and we at once stopped, while the shikari went forward with two cheetahs. Presently, one of the cheetahs stood still, peered about, and lay down, slowly whisking his

tail from side to side. The men said, 'He has seen the deer.' Soon he got up again, and went after his companion, and seemed to communicate to him that deer were in sight. Then they both lay down at once. After a little time they got up, and began stalking the deer through the grass. It was very difficult to distinguish the cheetahs, as they were much the same colour as the ground. Presently, the deer became aware something was up, and stopped and looked about; then, suddenly, they all got together, and began trotting off, followed at once by the cheetahs, who, although far behind, gained ground at every stride, and we could see they had each singled out a blackbuck, taking no notice of the rest of the herd tearing off

in all directions. Luckily they came towards us, and we saw one cheetah give a high spring, about fifteen yards, and seize his buck by the throat and roll it over. We did not look any more, we knew nothing would induce the cheetah to leave its prey till the buck's throat was cut and the animal enticed away with a ladleful of blood. The other cheetah having missed when it sprang gave up the chase and came straight back to his master with his tail between his legs. We were very lucky to see the hunt, for I find many old Indians have never had the good fortune to witness one, and the Maharajah seldom allows his cheetahs to indulge in this sport."



## WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR, KING OF PRUSSIA.

The arrival, on Friday, Aug. 2, of his Imperial Majesty William II., on a private visit to our Queen, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, was an occasion of some interest to the Royal family, as he is the Queen's grandson; and his presence at the great Naval Review on Monday, his inspection of the British fleet at Spithead, and his visit to the Camp of Aldershot on Wednesday, with the military review held on that day, to which his Majesty was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, are notable incidents of the week. The Emperor, who came to England on board his own yacht with the ships of the German naval squadron, was the guest of her Majesty at Osborne House, and departed by sea early on Thursday morning, did not visit London, and could not be received by the civic municipalities, or by the people of our great cities and towns, with such tokens of festive welcome as they are disposed to exhibit in greeting foreign Sovereigns who are on friendly terms with Great Britain.

It was on June 15, 1888, by the lamented death of his father, the late Emperor Frederick, husband of Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain, after a short reign during which the fatal malady he suffered so patiently was anxiously watched by sympathising nations, that Prince William, heir to the Royal Crown of Prussia and to the Imperial headship of the Federated States of Germany, was raised to the most powerful Monarchy in Europe. His Majesty, Frederick William Victor Albert, was born at Berlin on Jan. 27, 1859, eldest son of the former Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia and of the Crown Princess Victoria; he was educated first by a private tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, in the Royal Palace, with his brother Prince Henry, but for three years was sent to an ordinary public school at Cassel, and afterwards to the University of Bonn. He also received thorough military training and instruction, serving as an officer of the Prussian Army. In January, 1881, he was married to Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and has four sons.

The Emperor, now in the thirty-first year of his age and in the second year of his reign, has given proofs of a very energetic mind; and has shown much personal activity, not only in affairs of Government, but also in his journeys and visits to different countries of Europe. He has been entertained by the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, and the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, with splendid hospitality; and has, upon all these occasions, seemed to regard with especial interest the military and naval establishments of foreign nations. His brother, Prince Henry, is head of the administration of the German Navy. Our Portrait of the Emperor is from a photograph by Reichard and Lindner, of Berlin.

His Majesty, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia, in his visit to England was attended by Count Herbert Bismarck, Lieutenant-General Von Hahnke, the Privy Councillor Lucanus, the Court Marshal Von Liebenau, Lieutenant-General Von Wittich, and his military staff; and by the German Ambassador here, Count Hatzfeldt, and the Secretary of Legation.

The German squadron, besides the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, conveying his Majesty, consists of the iron-armoured battle-ships Friedrich der Grosse, Preussen, Kaiser, Deutschland, Sachsen, and Baden, the cruisers Oldenburg and Irene,



HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM II., KING OF PRUSSIA AND GERMAN EMPEROR.

the Wacht and Ziethen despatch-vessels, and the Niobe sailing frigate. They were met at the Nab light-ship by the Royal yacht Osborne, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters on board. The Osborne and the Hohenzollern, followed by the German squadron, passed through the lines of the British fleet at Spithead, receiving salutes from all the ships. On arriving in Osborne Bay, the Prince of Wales, with his sons and the Duke of Cambridge, went on board the Hohenzollern to greet the Emperor, who shortly afterwards went on board the Alberta, and met others of the Royal family, landed with them at East Cowes, and was conducted to Osborne House. His Majesty was there received by the Queen, with Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, becoming the Queen's guest so long as he intended to stay in England.

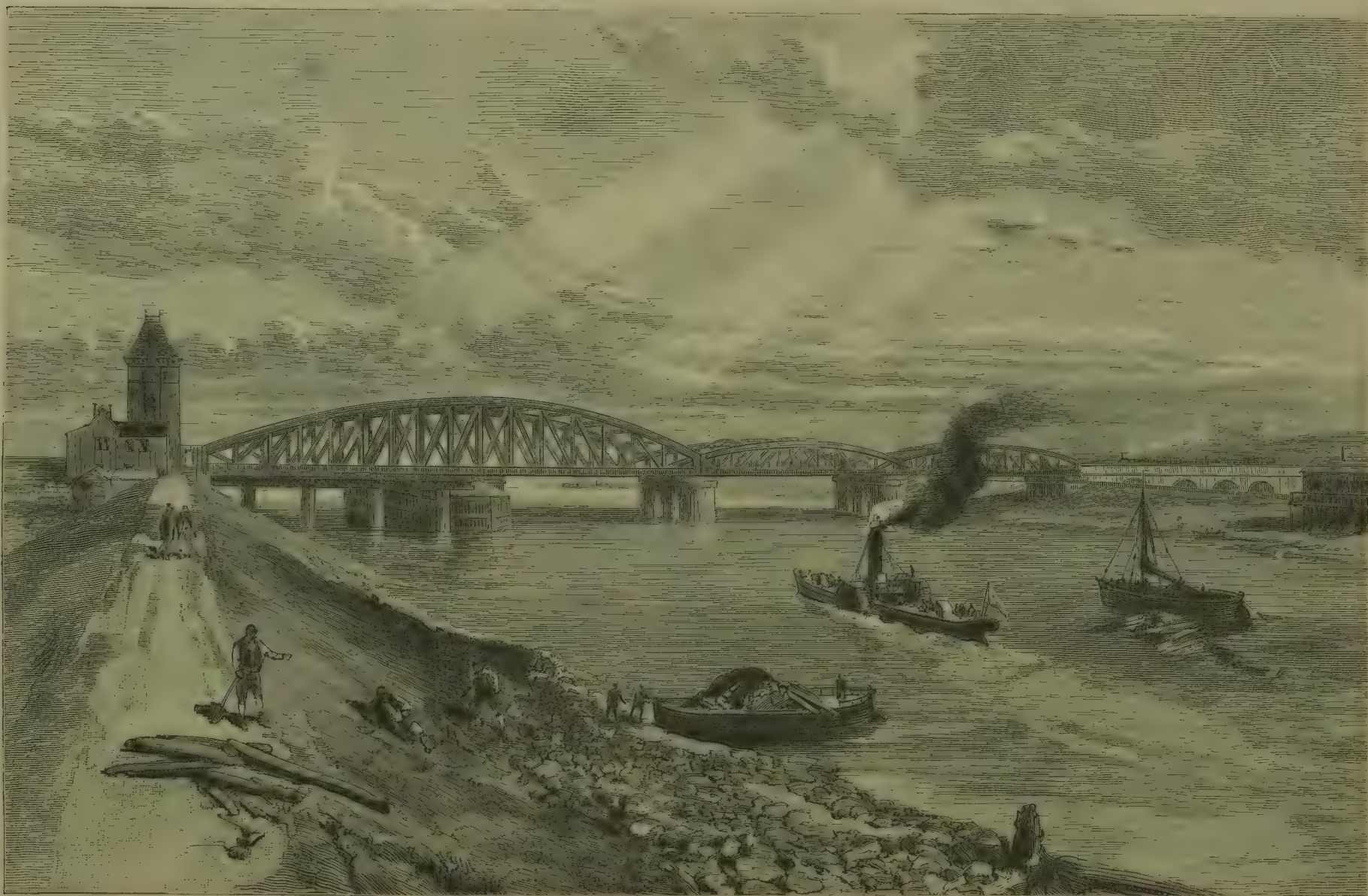
## HAWARDEN DEE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

On Saturday, Aug. 3, the railway traffic over this bridge, which is a great engineering work and an important link of communication between Liverpool and North Wales, and which has been constructed by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, was opened by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The right hon. gentleman and his wife travelled from London with Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., and other directors of that company, by a special train on the Great Northern Railway, which was joined near Altrincham, on the Cheshire Lines, by carriages from different places on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway and the lines associated with it, including those of the Midland Company.

The Dee Railway Bridge crosses that river at the head of its estuary, near Connah's Quay, between Chester and Flint, and a few miles from Hawarden, the residence of Mr. Gladstone: it will therefore be called "the Hawarden Bridge." The river at this place is 480 ft. wide. The structure consists of two fixed spans, each of 120 ft., and a large opening swing-bridge, on a swinging girder 287 ft. long, which gives a free passage of 140 ft. width for vessels entering or leaving the river. By the aid of hydraulic machinery the bridge can be opened and closed in forty seconds. The Cheshire Lines, and the Wirral line from Liverpool, are here connected with the line from Wrexham, which passes Hawarden, and with that of the Buckley, Mold, and Connah's Quay Company, giving direct connection with the Welsh system of railways which the Bill now in Parliament proposes to amalgamate, for through working to Cardiff and South Wales. This will afford a new and competitive route between South Wales and Manchester and Liverpool, and the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Among those assembled at the bridge, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., Mr. Henry Gladstone, and Sir E. Watkin, were the Mayor and Mayoress of Chester, the Mayor and Mayoress of Wrexham, Mr. John Cochran, of Westminster, the contractor, Mr. Francis Fox, of Westminster, the engineer, and Sir Douglas Fox; Messrs. Logan and Hemmingsway and Mr. Wolley, railway contractors; Mr. Pollitt, manager of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway; Mr. Meldrum, manager of the Cheshire lines; Mr. T. Cartwright, manager of the Wrexham, Mold, and Connah's Quay Railway, and many of the leading manufacturers and traders of the district.

On the arrival of the party, Mrs. Gladstone was presented by Sir E. Watkin with a gold casket, containing an inscription suitable to the occasion. She was also presented by Mr. Cochran, the contractor, with a bouquet of flowers. Mrs. Gladstone touched an electric bell, and in a very short time the huge structure gradually rotated, and swung into position amid great cheering, while a band played the "March of the Men of Harlech." Mrs. Gladstone declared the bridge open, and christened it the Hawarden Bridge. Mr. Gladstone made a speech, saying that it was a great day for Wales, with its enormous production wanting the cheapest direct access to the great markets, and with its straggling railways hitherto condemned to make only local use of their resources, now to become parts of a great system. The company were entertained by Sir E. Watkin with luncheon, and the Mayor of Wrexham presented to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone an address of congratulation on their golden wedding.



THE NEW DEE RAILWAY BRIDGE, OPENED ON THE 3RD OF AUGUST.

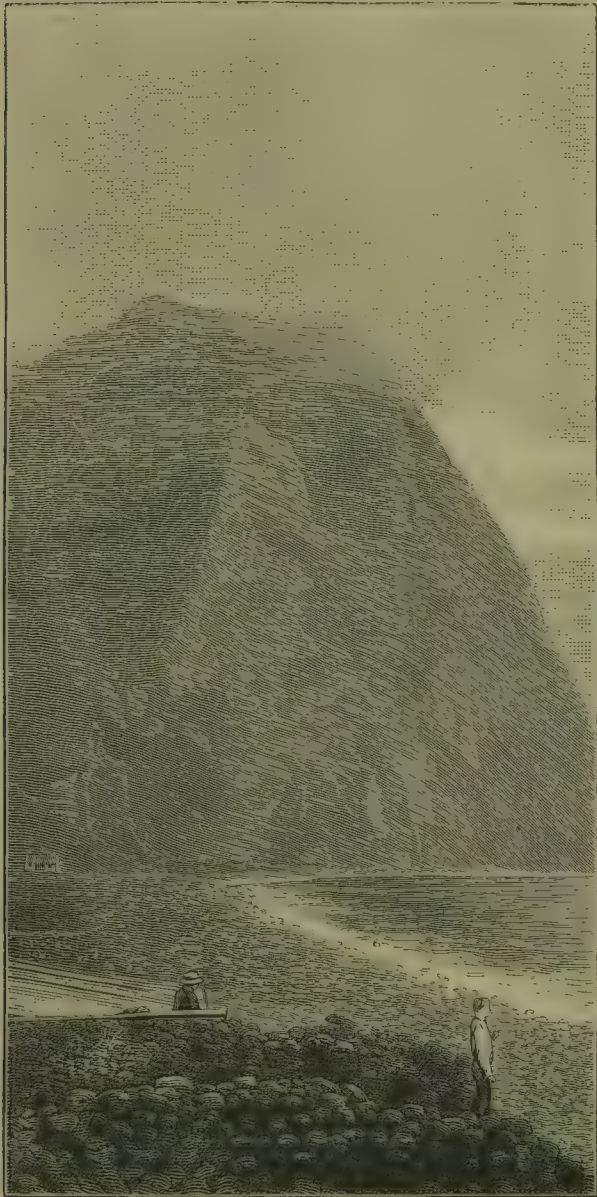




KALAWAO, WITH FATHER DAMIEN'S HOUSE AND CHURCH.



VIEW OF KALAWAO, FROM THE EXTINCT CRATER.



LAVA CLIFF, BETWEEN WAIKOLU AND KALAWAO.



THE MOA ULA FALLS, NEAR KALAWAO.



VIEW FROM INSIDE THE EXTINCT CRATER.



JOHANN KERK'S HOUSE IN THE EXTINCT CRATER.



KALAUAPA, FROM THE CATHOLIC GRAVEYARD.



## FATHER DAMIEN'S ABODE WITH THE LEPERS.

We have been favoured by Dr. E. Arning, of Hamburg, a German physician who formerly resided at the Hawaiian Leper Asylum, where Father Damien's self-sacrificing labours were carried on till his death, with a series of photographs taken by himself, showing different scenes on the island of Molokai at the locality of that settlement. One of these photographs represents Father Damien's house in the village of Kalawao, with the adjoining Roman Catholic church, and Father Damien at the door about to dismount from his horse.

Most of our readers will have learned something of the touching history of that admirable Christian philanthropist, Joseph Damien de Veuster, a native of Belgium, who was born near Louvain in 1841, was educated for the priesthood, and went out as a missionary to the isles of the Pacific Ocean. In 1873, he came to the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, where leprosy had long caused sad ravages among the native people. The leper settlement which had been founded some years before on the isle of Molokai, distant a few hours' sail from Honolulu, the chief town and seaport of those islands, was then not well managed; and Father Damien, from motives of pure charity, undertook to reside there, both directing the needful measures for the temporal welfare of the afflicted exiles, and ministering religious comfort and instruction. His benevolent efforts have for some years past been known in England, where a few among the members and clergy of the English Church raised contributions to assist the work of Father Damien; and in December last he was visited by Mr. Edward Clifford, bringing a collection of useful and pleasant gifts from his English friends. This gentleman, who had been struck with the miserable condition of lepers in India, took a particular interest in the object of Father Damien's mission, and wrote an account of it, which was published in the *Nineteenth Century* just before the news arrived that Father Damien had died, a martyr of humanity, from the disease contracted by dwelling among his suffering fellow-creatures in Molokai. The subject was soon afterwards brought prominently to public notice at a meeting over which the Prince of Wales presided, at Marlborough House, to set on foot a worthy memorial of Father Damien, and to promote the more effectual study and medical treatment of leprosy, with a special investigation concerning this malady in India and the British Empire.

Mr. Clifford's writings on this topic have been reprinted in a small volume, entitled "Father Damien," published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., which will certainly be read with interest. In mentioning our present correspondent, Dr. Arning, this little book gives his name slightly wrong, as "Dr. Arnim." His views of Molokai will be acceptable to all who are more or less acquainted with the history of the Hawaiian leper asylum, which occupies the two villages of Kalaupapa and Kalawao, on the north coast of the island. Between them is a low hill on which is the crater of an extinct volcano, with a hole 130 ft. wide and of unknown depth, full of turbid green water. Father Damien, inhabiting a small four-roomed house next to the church and school he had erected at Kalawao, did not live quite alone, but was accompanied by Father Conradi, Brother Joseph, an American, and Brother James, an Irishman. The Roman Catholic establishment at Kalaupapa was formed of Father Wendolen and three Sisters of the Franciscan Order. There were also, in Molokai, a Protestant missionary, with his wife; and an engineer and medical officer appointed by the Hawaiian Government.

### YACHTING.

The race for the Royal London Yacht Club's £60 prize took place at Cowes on July 31. The course was eastward to the Nab, returning northward off the Brambles, round the Cape, and back to Cowes, twice round. The Irex, Valkyrie, and Yarana started at ten o'clock, with a moderate south-east breeze, and all got away pretty well together. The Valkyrie drew away from the first, and, increasing her lead throughout, won easily. In the match for yachts not exceeding twenty rating, the starters were—Dragon, 20, Mr. Hill; Vreda, 20, Mr. Hodgins; and Mimosa, 20, Messrs. Cox and Campbell. The Dragon made a steady gain from the outset, and, at the end of a twenty-six miles course, beat Vreda and Mimosa in most hollow style.

The Valkyrie sailed her first race in her native waters on Aug. 1, starting in the Royal Southern match with the Irex, Deerhound, and Yarana. She led all the way, and took the first prize; the Yarana being second, the Deerhound third, and the Irex fourth. The Dragon, Vreda, and Mimosa were the starters in the next class. The Mimosa went ashore and gave up, and the Dragon won; the Vreda protesting against her opponent for fouling. The next race possessed special interest, as the two Southampton ten-raters Dis and Decima were to meet the Scotch boats Zoonne and Doris. Decima finished at 6h. 17 min. 32 sec., Doris at 6h. 24 min. 12 sec., Dis at 6h. 28 min. 47 sec., and the Zoonne at 6h. 36 min. 55 sec. Thill and Lollypop took the prizes in the next class, and Nadador and Madcap were winners in the two half-raters.

### THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

A Bluebook has been issued containing the twenty-seventh report to her Majesty the Queen of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, being the twentieth report of the Commissioners appointed by the Supplementary Commission, dated March 26, 1868. The report shows that the funds administered by the Commission, with the several amounts standing to the credit of each fund on Dec. 31, 1888, were in all £755,102 5s. The numbers of widows and orphans in receipt of relief were ninety-four officers' widows, thirteen widows remarried (half-allowance), and fifty-one officers' children. The widows of non-commissioned officers and men numbered 1082, those with half-allowances 939, and the children receiving relief in various forms 376. The actuary's report upon the Patriotic Fund shows that after setting aside, as hitherto, £35,000 for the education of Roman Catholic orphans, and £6000 for unforeseen contingencies, there was an increase in the surplus of assets over liabilities as at Dec. 31, 1888, of £3362, upon the surplus at the same date in 1887. The report upon the Soldiers' Effects Fund shows the condition of the fund to be entirely satisfactory.

Mr. R. G. Dunville, head of the firm of distillers, has presented Belfast with the ground for a public park.

In the University examinations for women, at Oxford, E. F. Tate, Somerville Hall, was placed in the second class in honour mathematical moderations; and G. E. Edwards, Lady Margaret Hall, in the second class in the second examination, Section 5, English. In Section 6, French, German, and Italian, the following class list has been issued: Class I—E. M. Jackson, Lady Margaret Hall; E. E. Wardale, St. Hugh's Hall. Class II—C. Scott. Class III—E. M. Charles. Class IV—B. A. Charles, J. H. Lublin.

## NOVELS.

*Robert Leeman's Daughters.* By J. Fogerty. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The author of "Lauterdale," "Caterina," and "Countess Irene," which we have liked better than any other three novels produced consecutively by any living writer, English or Irish, choosing to be anonymous, has at length been persuaded to give his name to a series of works that ought to make him a prime favourite with sensible and sympathetic readers of wholesome and agreeable fiction. Mr. Fogerty is a man of business, who has travelled and resided in different countries of Europe and America, engaged in large constructive undertakings which have brought him into personal acquaintance with the best foreign society. He is an Irishman, endowed in no small degree with the lively imaginative sensibility, the keen perception of characters and manners, and the playful humour which we enjoy in many writings by Irishmen and Irishwomen, from Oliver Goldsmith to Maria Edgeworth, Charles Lever, and one or two clever ladies who are still contributing to our entertainment. Much has lately been propounded, by a certain school of transcendental or mystical psychologists, affirming the element of "femininity" to be indispensable in a completely humane genius. It is largely developed, without prejudice to manliness, in the genuine Irish temperament; and Mr. Fogerty confesses that he is now reluctantly induced to put his proper masculine name to these delightful stories because people have insisted on supposing them to be written by a woman. As the generality of novels at the present day are tales of domestic and social life in which the affections, the behaviour, and the fate of women are the chief subject of interest, this ascription of "Caterina" and "Countess Irene" to female authorship should be an attestation of their truth from that essential point of view. Some of the greatest masters of prose fiction—Scott and Dickens, for example—were never able to acquire that intuitive knowledge of the mental habits peculiar to the sex, and of their "little ways," so perplexing even to sagacious men, which is recognised in Mr. Fogerty's modest delineation of the amiable half of mankind. Introducing himself, therefore, as a fellow-passenger of the ladies described in this story on board a Canard steam-ship from New York, but as "an elderly person with a fair sprinkling of grey hairs, not at all given to absurd flirtations" at his time of life, Mr. Fogerty tells us how these ladies, young and old, took him somewhat into their confidence, from which he got an insight into the family situation, and learned their thoughts and feelings towards the close of the events set forth in his narrative.

These incidents, beginning many years previously with the loss of a little child, Muriel Leeman, in a neglected boat that drifted away to sea by the tide, at Bannow, on the Wexford coast, are skilfully and consistently wrought up into a very possible groundwork of romance. That the child, too young to speak of her parents' name and abode, should be picked up off the Saltees rocks by an outward-bound Dutch vessel, and should be carried to Batavia and return to Rotterdam, under the kind care of Mrs. Tronson, wife of the good Swedish captain—that the despairing parents, with Mr. Ward, father of Mrs. Leeman, believing that the infant had perished, and being in embarrassed circumstances, should emigrate to the Western States of America, and the efforts to discover their residence be unsuccessful—and that Madame Zelis, the childless wife of an eminent Dutch lawyer, being the daughter of good old Jacob Van de Werk, one of the owners of the ship, touched by the beauty of the sweet little waif, so happily rescued, should adopt Muriel and bring her up in refined luxury at her fine house at the Hague—are suppositions not too wild for belief. The modern "Perdita," as she grows up, though informed of the mystery of her birth, is naturally attached by the strongest ties of grateful duty to Madame Zelis, a lady of Jewish race, highly accomplished, gentle, innocent, and benevolent, whose character, and that of her upright, noble-minded husband, also that of the honest, kindly Dutch merchant, her father, are worthy additions to Mr. Fogerty's gallery of foreign portraits, already possessing those of admirable specimens of the Austrian nobility. No English writer has done more justice to the private and domestic virtues of the best class of people in Continental nations, or to the grace and dignity of their home life; and we feel that his chosen motto, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," is justified by such illustrations of the purity of family affection and the cordiality of true friendship. But in the meantime Robert Leeman, with his wife and his father-in-law, an ingenious scientific mechanician, have settled in a remote part of Iowa, on the banks of a river flowing through the backwoods, and by long years of thoughtful industry have retrieved their fortunes. Timber-mills have been erected; labourers have formed a thriving village; Mr. and Mrs. Leeman have a new home of rude plenty, with two younger children, one of whom, christened "Muriel" after their firstborn, is usually called "Mirelle." They are likely to be rich, but the faithful, sad-hearted mother has not ceased to pine for the daughter she has lost. The girls are now approaching womanhood, ignorant of each other's existence, and separated by the Atlantic and half the breadth of the American States. An accident, with the subordinate agency of two or three persons already known to us in "Caterina" and "Countess Irene," brings about the discovery of Muriel's parentage. Mr. Tom Maclean, the son of the great railway contractor, it will be remembered, a real prince of the modern industrial aristocracy and a perfect gentleman, had after the death of Caterina, the adored and beloved Irish opera-singer whose public triumphs were won at Vienna, married her young friend Miss Harding, from county Clare. He thereby became connected with the family of General Count Nugent, which intermarried with the Hardings. Yachting in the Mediterranean, with Captain Tronson as master of his yacht, the Caterina, his wife is accompanied by clever Miss Ethel Twiss, whose father, the shrewd Limerick attorney, full of rich Irish humour, is one of our old acquaintance. It happens that Mr. Twiss's son Edward, having got into political troubles in Ireland, has found his way to Wardville, the American lumber-trade and factory village, where he is in the employment of Messrs. Ward and Leeman. When Mr. Zelis and his wife, with Muriel, in an Italian tour, chance to meet the Maclean party and Captain Tronson, the story of Muriel being picked up at sea is heard by Ethel Twiss, who mentions it in a letter to her brother. So Robert Leeman presently learns the fact that his elder daughter is living, and comes from America to Holland, where he finds her safe and well.

The story is not yet half completed: we are only in the middle of the second volume. It is "The Beginning of the Struggle," which must naturally ensue, between the passionate love of the long-bereaved parents for their own first-born child, especially Mrs. Leeman's frantic desire to claim and to keep Muriel, on the one hand; and the claim of Madame Zelis, on the other, who has tenderly and fondly cherished Muriel, so many years, with more than a natural mother's love, and to whom Muriel is equally devoted. This struggle, in which the father soon conquers his own selfish wishes by manly resignation to what he sees to be just and right, continues for months, indeed for a year or two, on the part of

his wife. She is a rather violent, stern, unreasonable, narrow-minded woman, drudging from habit and by sullen choice in her rough American household, nourishing a Puritanic prejudice against foreigners, and hating Madame Zelis, whom she has never seen, as an intriguing Jewess, almost sorceress, who has stolen away her daughter's heart by corrupting her with the luxuries and vanities of the world. The husband, after his return home to Wardville, persisting in his resolution to leave Muriel in Europe, is made extremely miserable, while Mrs. Leeman becomes almost insane; and in this part of the story a powerful dramatic interest is developed on an original theme, proving the author's capacity for high effects in fiction. He succeeds equally in arousing compassion for the mother, in spite of her unkindness as a wife, and in calling forth due admiration for the patience and fortitude of the husband, whose trials are only ended by circumstances that imperil his life. In the terrible flooding of the river, from the bursting of a dam at the lake reservoir above, Robert Leeman, working to save the saw-mills and village from destruction, is carried down the stream; he has a narrow escape from drowning, and afterwards from dying of exhaustion or fever. This brings Mrs. Leeman to a sense of her duty; and Muriel comes from Europe to see her mother, sister, brother, and grandfather, but with a firm purpose of returning to Madame Zelis, who is in delicate health and threatened with blindness. We will leave the sympathising reader to finish the story without further assistance, only expressing our pleasure at its happy conclusion; for Mr. Fogerty is a kindly, friendly, good-natured author who delights in final reconciliations. Two or three pairs of good young people, English, Irish, American, and Dutch, are left in the way to be married, with a hearty clasp of "Hands across the Sea." The author does some moral benefit to his age who thus teaches the lesson of mutual clarity, courtesy, and good-will between nations, and who makes so beautiful the principle of constancy and fidelity in personal attachments, in tales which are utterly free from literary artifice, charming by the simplicity of his style, as well as by their cordial tone and benevolent spirit.

## MUSIC.

With the close of the Italian operatic seasons, at Covent-Garden and the Lyceum Theatres, there comes a subsidence of London musical activity, but for a brief interval, indeed. Promenade Concerts at the first-named establishment, and similar performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, will provide ample attractions for the large number of Londoners who remain in town, and for the many country visitors who come to the metropolis out of the regular season. The concerts at the Covent-garden opera-house begin on Saturday evening, Aug. 10, and are again under the experienced and enterprising direction of Mr. Freeman Thomas. Some eminent solo vocalists and instrumentalists are engaged, and a full orchestra, comprising many of our most skilful players, is, as heretofore, an important feature in the arrangements; another specialty being the engagement, as conductor, of Signor Ardit, who has gained such eminence in that capacity at our Italian Opera establishments.

The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre are to begin on Saturday, Aug. 17, and the arrangements here also promise abundance of attractions, to which we must refer hereafter.

Messrs. Paterson and Sons, of Edinburgh (and other Scottish centres), will begin their third series of orchestral concerts on Dec. 10; the remaining performances taking place on Dec. 16, Jan. 6, 13, 20, and 27. Mr. Manns (of the Crystal Palace) will be the conductor, and among the works to be performed will be two new compositions; a choral setting, by Dr. Mackenzie, of Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night"; and a cantata, "The Cameronian's Dream," composed by Mr. Hamish MacCunn. The concerts promise to prove of exceptional interest.

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The visitors to this vast and diversified show of the arts and industries of many nations, and of the habitations of different ages of mankind, will find its arrangement by no means confusing, though in some departments it was impossible to maintain the ordinary geographical division. With regard to the first group, that of the Fine Arts, and the second group, called that of the "Liberal Arts"—which latter comprises the appliances of education, instruments of scientific study, musical instruments, the apparatus of medicine and surgery, printed books, photography, practical drawing and modelling, bookbinding, and stationery—these are collected in two grand buildings, the Palais des Beaux Arts and the Palais des Arts Libéraux, where each country has a portion of wall-space for its contributions. Those two buildings are situated to the right and left of the spacious garden in the Champ de Mars entered immediately by the main approach beneath the stupendous Eiffel Tower; at the upper side of this garden, between them, rises the grand Central Dome, with its superb portico, through which the Industrial Exhibition is entered, the interior space on each side of its central nave being occupied by French manufactures. The detached pavilions of the City of Paris stand on each side of the marble fountain, with its groups of statuary, in front of the Palace of Industry; and to the right and left of these are the buildings allotted to Great Britain, Belgium and Holland, Italy, Switzerland, the United States, Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Norway, Greece, Roumania and Servia, and Japan.

The Palais des Arts Libéraux, designed by M. Formigé, who was also the architect of the corresponding Palais des Beaux Arts, is formed similarly of a main structure with a nave surmounted by a dome of blue porcelain, 60 mètres high (200 ft.), and with arcades and open galleries on the garden side. The interior decoration is beautiful in colour and pattern, and the ironwork is little seen.

The Eiffel Tower, rising to the height of 984 ft., the loftiest structure that human skill has ever erected, has been sufficiently described. Its ascent is easy, safe, and pleasant, by mechanical lifts, and the panoramic view from its summit extends forty miles in every direction. One of our illustrations is that of part of the base of the Eiffel Tower, which stands on four huge feet of wrought-iron framework, resting on massive foundations of concrete and masonry, and on thick plates of cast iron: these nether limbs of the Tower, each composed of four pieces of iron bound together by a lattice girder, meet high above in a vaulted compound arch, supporting the first platform.

Behind the Palais des Arts Libéraux is the Indian Pavilion, with the Chinese, and those of the Central American and South American Republics; Egypt and Morocco have pavilions on the side, along the Avenue de Suffren. The French Colonial Department, on the Esplanade des Invalides, containing the Algerian, Tunisian, Annamite, and Cochinchina pavilions, has many attractive features, which we have already noticed.

The Rev. E. Buckmaster, Vicar of Epping, has given £2000 to the proposed new church to be erected on the borders of Epping Forest.





1. Indian Café.

4. A Doorway in the Cochín China Pavillon.

2. Dome of the Palais des Arts Libéraux.

5. An Annamite Carriage.

6. A Shady Corner.

3. A Corner of the Tunisian Section.

7. At the Foot of the Eiffel Tower.



## THE OLD GOVERNESS.

A quiet, careworn presence, a neat black gown of somewhat antiquated fashion—a gown which never rustles, even upon high days and holidays, when its material is of silk. Her eyes are faded, and their orbits are hollow, but in them lingers a look of youth. Her thin oval cheeks have fallen in—she regards the replacement of natural teeth, decayed, with the sound imitation article, as an innovation so daring as almost to border upon the impious. Her hair—still plentiful, though thickly streaked with grey—is dressed neatly, after the fashion of thirty years ago. You notice her first at luncheon, sitting at the bottom of the table, on the left hand of the master of the house. She has timidly expressed a preference for a “little of” the cold fowl which stands before you, and blushes consciously when you send her the liver-wing. A servant drops a dish-cover with a clatter, and your hostess looks reproachfully at her. A bottle of claret is discovered to be corked: the old governess and the butler exchange deprecating glances. You find her sitting in a shady nook of the drawing-room, after dinner, plying crewel-needle, lace-bobbin, or crochet-hook; for Penelope herself was not a more enthusiastic workwoman. You sit down by her, and engage her in a little desultory conversation. Her work—you admire it! Yes—it is a new stitch! The School of Needlework recently exhibited some such design. One of the daughters of the house commenced it, found it difficult, and threw it aside. It seems symbolical of her mission in life that she should never commence anything for herself—that all her time and patience should be expended in picking up the false stitches, in securing the straggling silken ends left by others. She is behind the world in many things. The receipt of a telegram throws her into a flutter and perturbation of spirits. She cannot be induced to admit the superiority of the electric light over more antiquated methods of illumination. The phonograph is to her a mystery so occult as to be almost sinful, and the inventors of such things are persons to be avoided as having entered into unholy leagues with a Potentate whose name she would rather not mention. She sees the Exhibition of the Royal Academy yearly, and occasionally accompanies the younger daughters of the family to the Popular Concerts. She is so weak and childlike that the idea of her chaperoning anybody seems a gentle kind of joke—with tears behind it. She does not visit the theatre, unless it be in Pantomime season, when the grandchildren of the house are taken to Drury-Lane. For the time being she is almost as excited as the juveniles, and leads the applause—the soft woollen gloves of the youngest and chubbiest spectator between her black kid ones. She will tell you that Mr. Irving is a very fine actor—that Mr. Blank has seen him!—with a gentle sort of triumph. She never asserts anything upon her own responsibility, though she is constantly appealed and referred to upon any and every occasion by all the members of the family. Anyone who should hint to her that the family are a trifle exacting would be down in her dove-coloured books for ever. Never were such benevolent, agreeable, witty, handsome, talented people, in her opinion. “The simple savin” smokes

continually on her humble altar. She has bowed before that altar for more than thirty years.

In the days when the half-pay officer's daughter left kith and kin behind her, and went forth to wage her hard bread-battle with the world, no formidable list of accomplishments, no Cambridge certificate was required of the instructress. She might be more fitly described as a nurse-teacher than as a governess. She was not only expected to line the brains of her young charges, but to assist in covering their chubby bodies as well. And she fulfilled these duties with exemplary faithfulness. By nature a gentle, domestic creature, only possessed of average capabilities, and accustomed to snubbing, her school-room autocracy became endeared to her. At the head of the ink-stained deal table, at least, she was a personage of importance—one having power to punish or reward; dealing out her task-portions of “Child's Guide,” “Butter's Spelling,” “English and French Grammar,” “Colenso's Arithmetic,” “Markham's History,” and “Mangnall's Questions”—dear, inquisitive, stultifying Mangnall!—with mathematical precision and due regard to the capacities of each youthful charge. Suppose she now and then stole a peep at the page before her? The children never noticed that the helmet of Pallas Athene occasionally nodded on the brows of their preceptress. But when the awful panoply was laid aside, and the pointless weapons of scholastic warfare restored to the arsenal, it was then she came out in her true tints. She had a little gift of colour, a pretty facility with the pencil; and she never murmured, even if omnibuses in profile and men as trees walking were roughly depicted in the very heart and centre of her daintily stippled water-colour landscapes. She was full of stories, nursery tales, and legendary lore, or, better still, recollections of her own old home. It was delightful to find that, as a little girl, she had sometimes done that which she should have left undone, and got punished for it too. But, on the other hand, it was aggravating to discover that she had once possessed a little sister to whom the common failings of childhood were unknown. This aggravating example of piety and discretion used to be held up before peccant juveniles at the tear-begrimed close of a naughty day. How impossible a thing it seemed to emulate the virtues of that little monster of perfection!

So the humble, even course of her life-tide flowed on. She had conscientiously imparted to her pupils the little that she knew, and now, in her third lustrum of service, it had to be delicately broken to her that three of them were grown up, marriageable—they needed her no more. She clung desperately to the youngest and last remaining, but the hour she dreaded came, and with it the man! The youngest married, like her sisters—and behold the old governess's occupation gone. She gave warning, and wept as she packed her boxes—the walnut chest and the bald hair-trunk with brass nails—and made and gave and received and shed tears over small parting remembrances—and, in the event, never went away at all. She is the lubricating medium, without which the wheels of the household machine would move but creakily, the salver-over of wounded susceptibilities, the meek buffer from which family disputants rebound. She is the disburser of charities,

the rebuker of rebellious servants, the guide of the unwelcome guest to local places of interest—a mild creature, who goes to church in all sorts of unfavourable weathers, and keeps up the family account with Heaven—on the credit side. Grown-up sons borrow her small savings for the appeasement of dubious creditors, married daughters imperiously claim her willing services at moments of domestic interest. Wedding breakfasts are confidently entrusted to the decorative skill, the dainty manipulation of the withered hand that shall never wear the golden circlet. She is the first to weep when the bride goes away, and the last to hurl the slipper—superannuated like herself—after the receding chariot. At periods of rejoicing she modestly recedes into the background; but should sickness and sorrow visit the house of her adoption, the vigil candle paints her slight watching shadow upon the wall of the room where the sufferer moans, or Death lies in state. Or come poverty and disgrace?—she brings her little oil-cruise and pours the contents ungrudgingly at the clay feet of her earthly idols, and the remainder coins of her already depleted store vanish down the rapacious maws of the domestic Erinnyes.

Meek soul! If her gentle nature were capable of entertaining bitterness towards any earthly being, the contemplation of the modified and renovated school—now *class-room*!—and the spectacled young tutoress who reigns therein (Girton honours and first class certificate) would arouse the feeling. The children of her old pupils appear (in certain educational lights) like Imps of unnatural precocity to the old governess. The geometrical problems of the blackboard—the oral lessons—confound her. The smallest child of all has forgotten more than she ever knew! A primrose by the river's brim is not a primrose, but a member of the botanical order—*corolliflora*, calyxed, and having a monopetalous something or other—to this enlightened infant. Perhaps it is after receiving this cannonade of scientific information from lips on which the maternal nutriment is scarcely yet dry that the old governess falls sick, dies very quietly and unostentatiously, and, in ceasing to be at all, becomes for the first time in her life a person of importance.

C. G.

Mr. John Paget has resigned his seat as the senior Magistrate of the Hammersmith Police-Court. He had not presided since April 15, on which day he was taken ill while hearing the charges, and was compelled to adjourn the Court.

The last service at the Temple Church, prior to the Long Vacation, took place on Sunday, Aug. 4, when the Master of the Temple, the Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan, preached in the morning. The church will remain closed until Sunday, Oct. 6.

The Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council has, with the approval of the Council, decided at once to augment the London Fire Brigade by 138 firemen, and to add four new stations, with the complement of steamers and manuals, fifty fire-escapes and watch-boxes, and fifty hose carts to the plant of the Brigade. It is also decided to increase the number of electrical alarms by two hundred, bringing up the total number to over six hundred.



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**A SPECIALTY FOR INFANTS.**

## Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients: hence frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that **ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS** are **FREQUENTLY POISONOUS**, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as “Curd,” usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap very injurious to the Skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the Skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

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AND HAS BEEN IN GOOD REPUTE NEARLY 100 YEARS,  
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“Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE.”—SMILES.

## SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY—

“Come the four corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.”

**THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!**

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**IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S “FRUIT SALT”** is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers, acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood, and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

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Having taken your ‘Fruit Salt’ for many years, I think it right to tell you I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures. I am never without a bottle of it in the house; it possesses three most desirable qualities—pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after effects. A DEVONSHIRE LADY.  
“January 25, 1889.”

## THE GREAT DANGER OF POISONOUS ANILINE DYES, SUGAR, PINK OR CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET.

Experience shows that sugar, aniline dyes, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherris, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy are all very apt to disagree, while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S “FRUIT SALT” is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

## HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

“During the Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M——'s splendid cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT.’ ‘Take,’ he said, ‘an old soldier's advice:’ so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P——'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and woke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the Colonel said at mess, ‘You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT,’ but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you, you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally,’ said the Colonel, ‘I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayobys.’ After that the Colonel was always called ‘Old Eno.’”—From “MESS STORIES,” by PROTEUS, pp. 126, 127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall-court, 1889.

The Value of “ENO'S FRUIT SALT” cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham.**—“A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.”—ADAMS.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S “FRUIT SALT.” Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

**PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S “FRUIT SALT” WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.**



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 30, 1885) of Mrs. Susannah Adams, late of No. 52, Ladbroke-grove, Notting-hill, widow, who died on June 21, was proved on July 26 by James Scovell Adams, the son, and Joseph Hobbs and Harry Stanley Giffard, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £77,000. The testatrix gives £1000 each to her children, Mrs. Theresa Hobbs, Mrs. Alice Jane Giffard, and James Scovell Adams; a policy for £3000 to her daughter Mrs. Susan Graham; her household furniture, plate, carriages, and horses between her four children; and £200 to Anne Cattell. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, as to one fourth, to her daughter Mrs. Giffard, and one fourth each, upon trust, for her other three children for life, and then to their respective children.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1869), with a codicil (dated Nov. 4, 1873), of the Rev. Charles Edward Armstrong, formerly of The Hollies, Queen's-road, Richmond, and late of Stonton Wyville, near Market Harborough, and Rothsey House, Bournemouth, who died on May 15, was proved on July 29 by Mrs. Emma Armstrong, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testator gives £100, and all his household furniture, plate, carriages, horses, &c., to his wife; £500 to Edwin Caldecott, and £100 to Jane Nelson. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, but portions of £2000 (to be increased by another £1000 on the remarriage of Mrs. Armstrong) are to be raised, and paid to each of his sons on their attaining the age of twenty-one, and to each of his daughters on their attaining that age or marrying. On the death of his wife, the ultimate residue is to be divided between his children.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1888) of Miss Alice Chandler, late of Roseleigh, Albemarle-road, Beckenham, who died on

June 17, was proved on July 19 by Mrs. Augusta Lucy McKenzie Bradley, the niece, and Frederick Fisher, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testatrix gives the remainder of the lease of No. 8, Leicester-square and £1000 to Frederick Fisher; £1000 each to Willie and Alfred Fisher; £2000 to Mary Fisher; £1000 to Mabel Ellen A. Tindall; £1000 to Lucy Alice McKenzie Bradley; £1000 and her clothes to Mary Hornby; £1000 to Mary Ann Ireland; £500 to the Vicar of Beckenham, upon trust, for the completion or endowment of the church at Elmer's End; £2000, upon trust, for Maria Webb for life, and then between the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Additional Curates Society, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the London Orphan Asylum (at Watford), and the National Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy (Queen-square); and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her niece, Mrs. Augusta Lucy McKenzie Bradley.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1888), with two codicils (dated Oct. 29, 1888, and May 11, 1889), of the Rev. William Rogers Cope, late of Kent House, Wandsworth-common, who died on June 21, was proved on July 24 by the Rev. John Salwey and Henry Arthur Wiggin, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator gives £1000 each, upon trust, for Elizabeth Thompson and Hannah Unwick; £500 to Frederick Unwick; £50 to each executor; £25 to Harriet Sewell, the superintendent of the Royal Homes for Ladies, New Wandsworth; and £1 to each of the lady inmates thereof at the time of his death; and legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his property he leaves between his nephews and nieces, Harriet P. Cope, Florence Cope, Edward Stephen Cope, Mrs. Anne Wiggin, Ellen Unwick, and Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Salwey.

The will of the Right Rev. Richard Bishop Rawle, D.D.,

formerly of Trinidad, but late of Codrington College, Barbados, who died on May 10, was proved on July 29 by Charles John Blagg and the Rev. George Mather, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3114.

Mr. Evan Spicer, the chairman of the South London Polytechnic Institutes, has received from Mr. Frank Morrison, of Cromwell Houses, Kensington, a promise to give £10,000 towards the Battersea Institute.

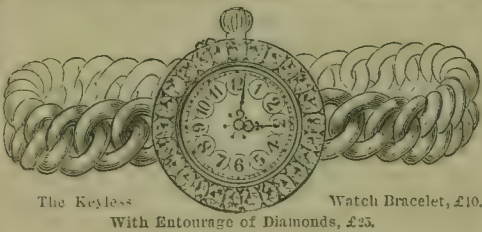
The committee of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury, have received from Sir Saville Crossley, M.P., £500 towards the building. Of the £25,000 required the sum of £15,000 has been now collected, leaving only £8500 to be raised.

A quarterly court of the governors of that excellent charity the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held at the hospital on Aug. 2, Mr. T. B. Beckwith in the chair. The report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), stated that since the last court the benefits of the hospital had been largely appreciated, and that in addition to the 321 beds occupied in the two buildings, 120 male and female patients had been sent to seaside homes (chiefly Sandgate and Bournemouth), and maintained there at the expense of the hospital. An interesting incident had been the visit of Princess Christian on July 15, when her Royal Highness took part in a concert to the inmates, this being the fourth occasion on which she had thus gratified the patients and shown her interest in the hospital entertainments. The committee find it needful to remind the public of the constant necessity for their liberal support in order efficiently to maintain this useful but unendowed charity. The number of patients admitted since May 30 was 242; discharged, many greatly benefited, 280; died, 49; new out-patient cases, 2301. The report was unanimously adopted.

## BENSON'S BOND-STREET NOVELTIES.

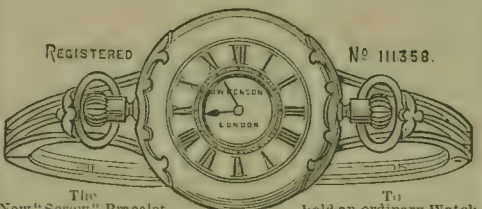
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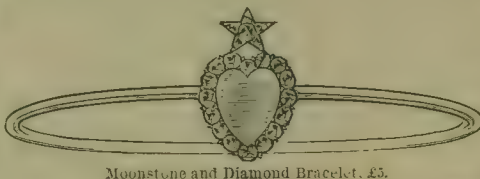


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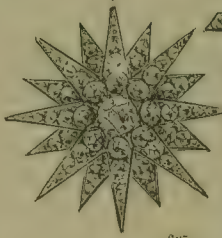
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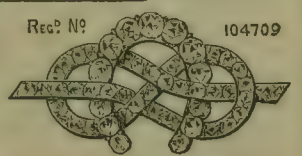


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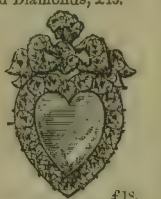
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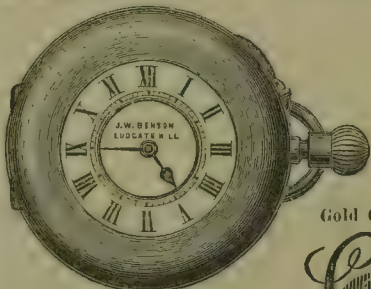
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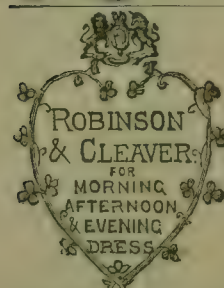


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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

How beautiful is the Sussex scenery, among which Goodwood race-meeting is held! Beneath the generous sun of the first days of August, the visitors to that aristocratic picnic had the best of opportunities for admiring the landscape. The course is placed on a broad plateau which forms the summit of a high hill in Goodwood Park. The downs rise and fall around in an endless series of gentle yet lofty eminences. Hill rises beyond hill, and intervening valleys give peeps and hints of more distant ones still. The curves are so tender, yet so steep—the series of far-stretching miniature mountains looks like the gigantic waves of a petrified sea.

Nor does the landscape deserve to be called monotonous. These downs are cultivated. Up on some the reapers are at work, or the fields, yellow and rustling, are waiting for the sickle. In other spots, the green short turf, spangled with flowers and scented with wild thyme, is flecked by the darker green of clusters of furze bushes, not yet clad in their golden perfumed robes, but even more rich in their depth of emerald tint. A few rods farther on there is a field with glints of red shooting through a prevailing tone of green—it is clover in full blossom. Then comes an acre or two of ploughed land, looking white, as though sown with salt blocks, from the multitude of chalk stones that the soil contains. You wonder no more then that the trees are so few in number, and that what there are seem wonderfully thin of branch and stalk, so that elm and beech might be mistaken for pine-woods. It is because the soil is not rich enough to feed their roots, and, like ill-nourished children, they shoot up slender and tall.

So thin is the foliage that birds will not nest in it, and the wood behind the racecourse is called "The Birdless Grove." But in the valleys the soil is rich, and there is foliage enough in the landscape to give it a distinctly English tone; for it is the trees, rich, wide-spreading, and lavishly sucking up the nourishment from the soil as they are allowed to do in hedgerow and meadow in England, that are missed by the traveller as his eye ranges over a wide stretch of country on the Continent. Taken altogether, the down country is wonderfully beautiful; and in the whole of it one might search in vain for a more picturesque and attractive spot than the amphitheatre of which Goodwood Racecourse forms a segment.

No wonder Goodwood marks the end of the season for the fashionable world! Who could cheerfully go back to the stuffy, ten-times-breathed air of London, with its dirty dust blowing about its arid pavements, in this glorious weather, after inhaling the spacious, sweet atmosphere of the downs, freshened by a breath of the neighbouring Channel? Goodwood is naturally the last turn of the social kaleidoscope for the current exhibition. Here is the final brilliant and interesting gathering of those who have been meeting day after day for the past four months, and who are now to be scattered far and wide in country homes, shooting-boxes, yachts, and foreign hotels. The racing is not very interesting; the ordinary humours of the racecourse are entirely absent. It is a society picnic, with the racing for an ostensible reason for being there.

The inclosed lawns, which run along one side of the course for some distance, form a promenade where beauty spreads its plumage; and in the background are cloths laid on the grass and set out with dainty lunches at which Duchesses and Hebrew financiers eat in company, and (like the kings of old) before the eyes of the

populace. Some of the tables are elegant with flowers, silver plate, and dainty cates of Gunter's or Fortnum and Mason's best design. Others are modestly content with a dish of salmon, and one of cold lamb with a salad; but such as these hide themselves in corners. There was one teetotal table there, soda-water syphons and a pitcher of the pure beverage replacing the unabashed bottles of what the temperance folk will call "drink" that were openly in evidence elsewhere. In contrast there was another table, having for centrepiece a great silver bowl mounted on a huge block of ice, the base being surrounded by flowers, and the bowl filled with a golden-coloured compound crowned by a few sprigs of a savoury herb. Well! it is very sad that what is nice should so often be bad for you; and no doubt the enemies of "drink" have proved conclusively that it is destructive to mind, body, and estate: but the silver bowl against the soda-water bottle! Ah, me!

Now for the dress, which is always a great feature of Goodwood. The Princess of Wales and her two younger daughters were simply attired. The first day, the Princess, being in half-mourning for an aunt, wore a black surah dress, with white embroidered vest and skirt front. The second day, her gown was of foulard, of a black ground, with white spots the size of currants, the bodice quite tight-fitting, and having a narrow white silk vest, buttoned down the front; there was also a narrow white panel at the left side of the skirt. Her bonnet was a little black net one, trimmed with jet. The young Princesses were dressed alike, in foulard of navy blue, spotted with white, the bodices loose fronted over full white vests. Their large-brimmed hats of open-work tuscan were trimmed with pink roses. The Princesses remained all day on the Grand Stand, where there is a portion reserved for the Royal party. One after another of the Princess's friends had the honour of going up to talk with her; but the Prince walked freely about the lawns, which undoubtedly was much more amusing.

Everybody takes the greatest interest in the Duchess of Portland. Wherever she goes, the curiosity to see her is extraordinary. She looked a very striking figure in the best of her Goodwood gowns—a pale grey cashmere and pink crêpe de Chine. The skirt was very plain, but the bodice was elaborate. Narrow folds of the grey came from each shoulder to the waist, and enclosed a wide, flatly pleated vest of pink crêpe de Chine, the two sets of folds being separated on either side the figure by a full tumbling Directoire frill of the pink crêpe. The collar at the back was a very high one, standing well out from the hair, and lined with the pink Directoire frilling; in front, the stand-up collar having come to an end at the shoulders, the crêpe pleating fell down loose, like a Toby collar, over the top of the vest. Round her Grace's neck was a single row of pearls. Her wide-brimmed hat of grey open-plaited straw was trimmed with pink Malmaison carnations, her favourite flower, which she always wears on her dress in some way. The plain draperies of the grey skirt were embroidered up for about half a yard with shades of the same colour in silk.

Another tall and handsome Duchess, her Grace of Leinster, was in pale grey faille française made as a Directoire coat polonaise over a draped petticoat of fine grey Indian cashmere. A beautiful silk-cord passementerie gave style to this dress; it edged the coat everywhere, formed epaulettes, high collar, ornament at the back of the waist, and ends for the narrow sash which fell at the left side of the petticoat. The Duchess of Leinster wore a very tiny bonnet of fancy straw, trimmed with white tulle and heartsease.

The Duchess of Manchester had a biscuit-coloured striped grenadine, the draperies edged with embroidery, which also formed a fitting vest beneath the loose-fronted bodice; her eccentric little bonnet was of black and white straw interplaited, with trimmings of wallflowers and black velvet ribbon. Lady Egerton's dress was very handsome. It was sage-green bengaline—a softly draping ribbed silk—trimmed with broad bands of jet passementerie laid on over rather broader bands of green velvet up the skirt and bodice front alike; very full sleeves with jet epaulettes and cuffs. Her bonnet was simply a wreath of roses in every shade, from deep red to pink.

White Irish poplin was worn by a young lady, the top of the bodice to the bust being drawn in full folds to meet a belt of Vandykes of Irish lace; at the back, the lace points were turned down as well as up, making an effective trimming to the top of the draperies. A black spotted silk over-skirt was cut up to the waist into four wide sashes which showed beneath them all round, as they blew about, a fine black Chantilly lace skirt over white silk, the lace held in its place here and there with jet motifs; the full sleeves were of the black fancy silk, and also a sash coming from under the arms, while the top of the bodice was of folds of the black lace over white. Another effective gown had black sprigged net sleeves and yoke, and also a tablier of the net, all put over shot red glacé silk, the rest of this skirt being the silk in accordeon pleats.

These pleats were much used. A superb dustcloak was of yellow soft silk accordeon pleats put into a yoke of yellow moiré, round the junction running a curiously caught-up full frill of the soft silk, lined with black, so put on as to show the lining here and there all round. A heliotrope moiré, covered with black net except in front, and a Chartreuse green silk trimmed profusely with black gimp embroidery were much admired.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

An autumn fête, intended to last over six weeks, and the principal feature of which is a loan exhibition of pictures by the great masters, supplemented by musical performances of a high order, has been inaugurated at the People's Palace, Mile-End-road.

The fifty-fifth annual High Court meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters was opened in the hall of the Hôtel Mont Doré, Bournemouth, on Aug. 5, extending over the week. The Order of Foresters embraces 661,971 members, and possesses court funds to the amount of £3,727,791.

At the meeting of the London County Council on Aug. 2, the Corporate Property Committee reported on the proposal for preserving as an open space the site between the National Gallery and Hemming's-row. The report stated that the rate-payers being already heavily taxed for improvements in that locality, the committee could not agree to the suggestion. The Council adjourned to Oct. 1.

The Senate of the Royal University of Ireland met on Aug. 3 at the University, Earlsfort-terrace, Dublin, Lord Emly, Vice-Chancellor of the University, in the chair. The Senate awarded the passes, honours, and exhibitions in connection with the recent summer examinations. Regulations were adopted for the annual English and Latin verse compositions, for each of which a gold medal is given. It was ordered that the subjects for those compositions for the year 1890 shall be: Latin—Napoleon at St. Helena; English—The Calipho at Samoa. The Senate approved of the postponement of the examinations for degrees till the autumn.

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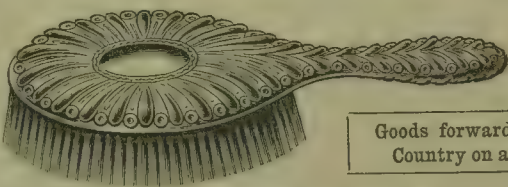
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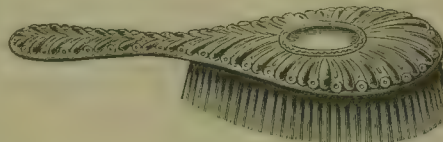
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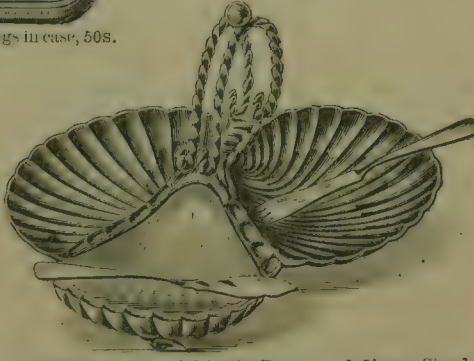
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OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM EWART, BART.

Sir William Ewart, first Baronet, of Glenmachan House, in the county of Down, and of Glenbank, in the county of Antrim, M.P. for the Northern Division of Belfast, died on Aug. 2 at Carter's Hotel, London. He was born Nov. 22, 1817, the only surviving son of the late Mr. William Ewart, of Glenbank, an Alderman of Belfast, by his first wife, Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. John Rossman, of Cootehill, in the county of Cavan, was educated at the Belfast Royal Academy, and was created a baronet Sept. 13, 1837, the year of her Majesty's Jubilee. Sir William (who was an extensive linen manufacturer and merchant) was a magistrate for the counties of Antrim and Down, and was Mayor of Belfast from 1859 to 1860. He was a Harbour Commissioner for Belfast, a member of the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland, President of the Irish Linen Trade and Flax Supply Associations, and a representative of the North of Ireland Linen Trade in negotiating the French Treaty in 1864. He was a Conservative, and represented Belfast in Parliament from 1878 up to the time of his death. He married, Dec. 10, 1840, Isabella Kelso, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Lavens Mathewson, of Newtown Stewart, in the county of Tyrone, by whom he had fourteen children. The eldest son, now Sir William Quartus Ewart, second baronet, was born in 1844, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree of M.A. in 1875. He married in 1876 a daughter of Mr. Robert Heard, of Pallastown, near Cork, and has issue.

ADMIRAL SIR SPENCER ROBINSON.

Admiral Sir Robert Spencer Robinson, K.C.B., F.R.S., died on July 27, at his residence, 61, Eaton-place, S.W. He was born Jan. 6, 1809, the sixth son of the Venerable John Freind,

Archdeacon of Armagh and Prebendary of Kildare, who assumed the surname of Robinson on succeeding to the estates of his uncle (the first Lord Rokeby, in 1793), and was created a Baronet in 1819. The Admiral's mother was the second daughter of Mr. James Spencer, of Rathangan, in the county of Kildare, and entered the Royal Navy in 1821. His promotions bore date as follows: Lieutenant, 1830; Commander, 1838; Captain, 1840; Rear-Admiral, 1860; Vice-Admiral, 1866; and Admiral, 1871, in which year he retired. He was a Commissioner to inquire into the control and management of the Royal Dockyards in 1860; Controller of the Navy, 1861 to 1871; and a Lord of the Admiralty, 1868 to 1871. In 1872 he unsuccessfully contested Tamworth in the Liberal interest. He was made a K.C.B. in 1868. He married, in May, 1841, Clementina, daughter of Admiral Sir John Louis, second Baronet.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DANIELL.

Lieutenant-General Charles Frederick Torrens Daniell, C.B., lately in command of the Infantry Brigade at Malta, died, after a short illness, on July 26, at his residence, 8, Beaufort-gardens, aged sixty-one. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and entered the Army as Ensign in 1845. He became Lieutenant in 1849, Captain in 1853, Major in 1854, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1862, Colonel in 1869, Major-General in 1880, and Lieutenant-General in 1889. He served in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-5, including the battles of Alma and Inkerman, the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and the attack on June 18. For his services he received a medal with three clasps, the Legion of Honour, the fifth class of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal. He was Brigade Major of the Dublin District 1858 to 1861, and at Corfu 1862 to 1864. He commanded the 28th Regiment 1866 to 1875, was Assistant Adjutant-General Northern District 1876 to 1880, and in command of the troops at Malta 1884 to 1886. He was twice married—first, to Charlotte, daughter of Captain

Vernon, of the 33th Regiment; and, secondly, in 1856, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Abel Smith, of Woodhall Park, Herts. The deceased General was made a C.B. in 1887.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Dyson Hornby, Chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, on July 31, at his residence in Liverpool.

The Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, the well-known hymn-writer, and minister of Grange Free Church, Edinburgh, on July 31, aged eighty-one years.

Major-General Henry Chamberlayne Farrell, late of the Royal Artillery, on July 27, at Stanstead. He entered the Army in 1855, and rose to the rank of Major-General in 1887. He served in the Crimean Campaign of 1855, and was present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol (medal with clasp and Turkish Medal).

The Rev. Miles Joseph Berkeley, M.A., F.R.S., Rector of Sibbertoft, and Hon. Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, on July 31, at Sibbertoft, near Market Harborough, aged eighty-six. He was educated at Rugby and Christ's College, graduating B.A. in honours in 1825, and proceeding M.A. in due course. Ordained a deacon in 1826, and admitted to priest's orders the following year by the Bishop of Peterborough, he held a curacy at Margate from 1829 till 1833, when he was presented to the perpetual curacy of Apethorpe-with-Woodnewton, Northamptonshire, which he held till 1868, when he was presented by the Bishop of the diocese to the vicarage of Sibbertoft. He devoted much attention to horticulture, and was the author of many works on that subject. Mr. Berkeley was a Fellow of the Royal and Linnean Societies, an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society of London, a member of the Academy of Sciences of Sweden, and of many other European learned societies.

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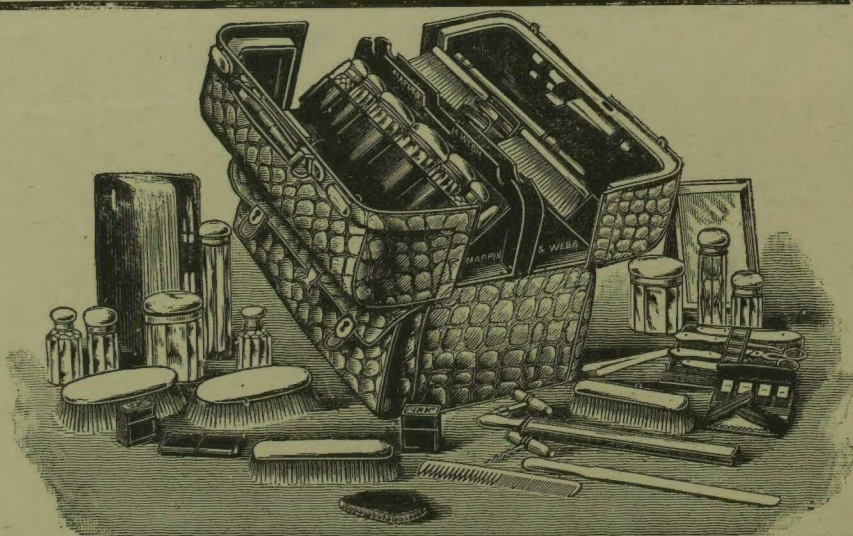
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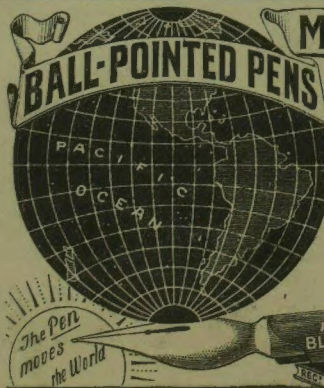
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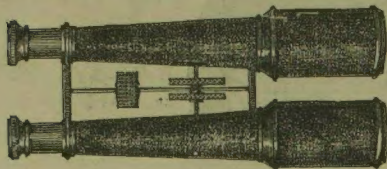
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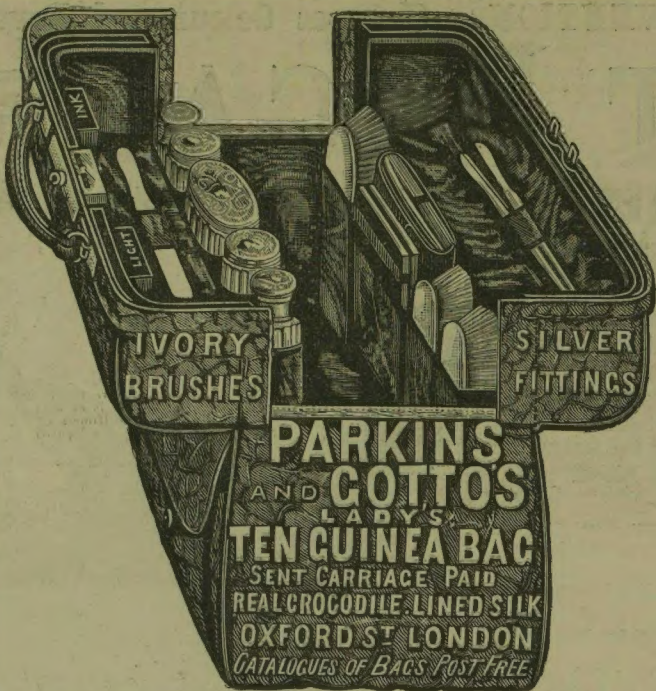
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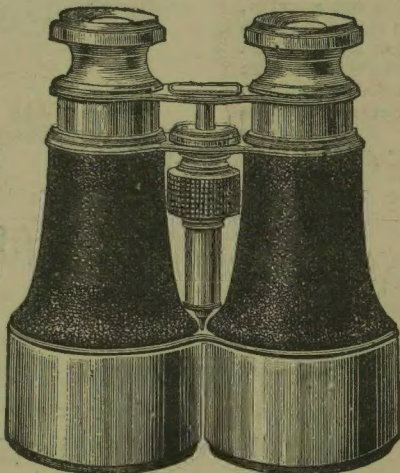
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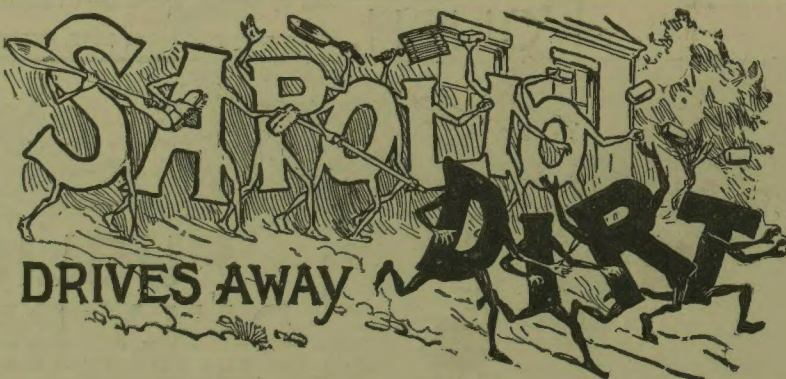


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